

MOVIE CLASSIC

April



10
CENTS



WHAT
STARS WILL
SURVIVE
COLOR?

TULLIO CARMINATI...
NEW HEART RAVE

KAY FRANCIS

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*

Mrs. Allston Boyer, *New York*

Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*

Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.,
New York

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*

Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport
New York

Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*

Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*

Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*

Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*

Mrs. William T. Wetmore, *New York*



Copyright, 1935
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—everyone is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never

make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which

overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"'TERRIBLE!'"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE

"'EXCELLENT!'"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

the modern dentist—to *your own dentist*.

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth

regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 11-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____





HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

... for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery *in* WEST POINT of the AIR

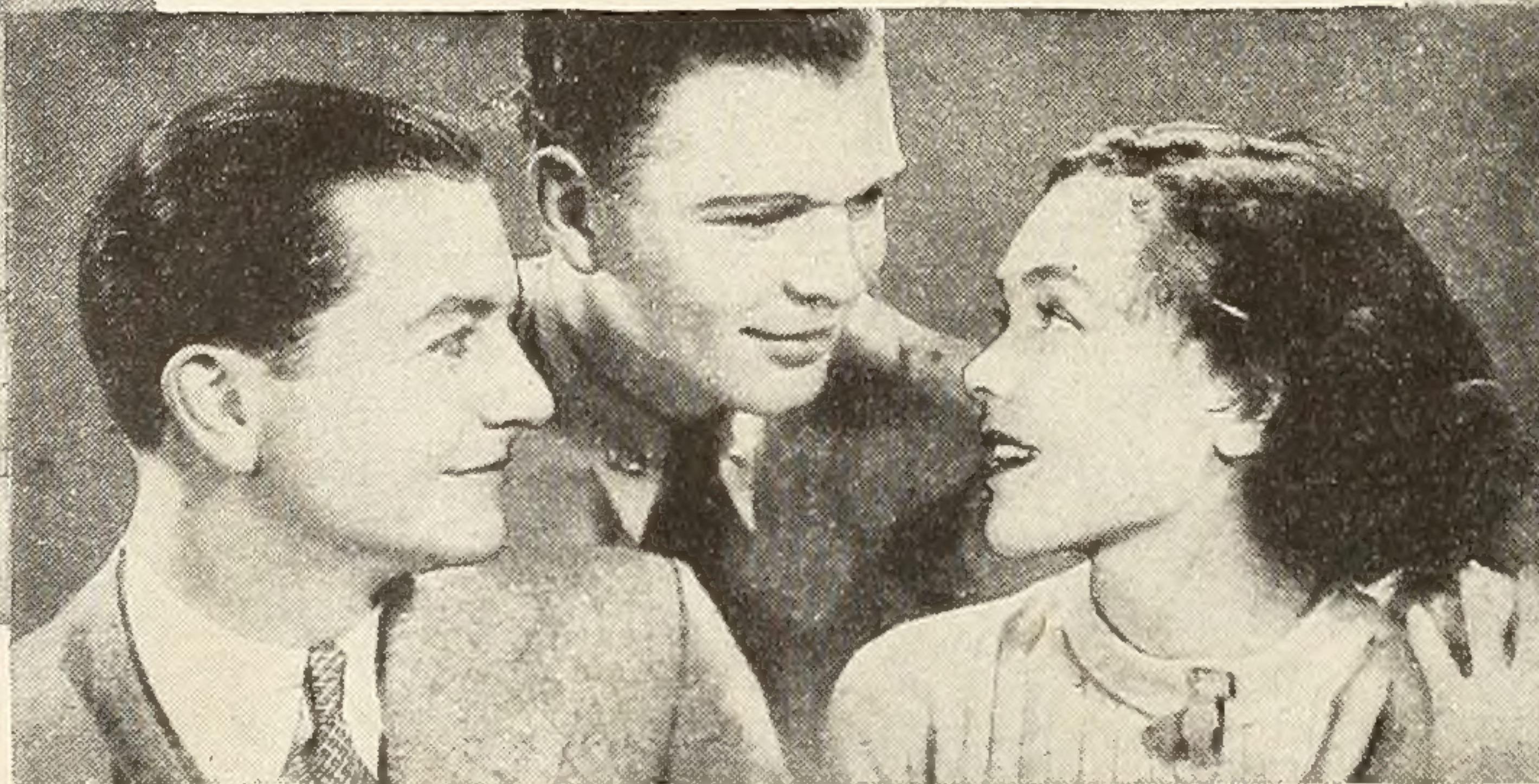
with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture



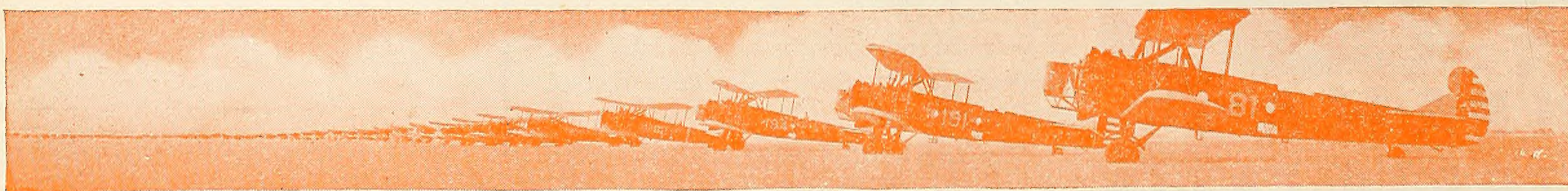
The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!



The three mosquiteers of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!



MAR -4 1935

MURPHY McHENRY

Editor

VOL. 8 No. 2

MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID

Managing Editor

APRIL, 1935

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



Now don't be pouting, Dick Powell. You enjoy a tremendous fan following and just because we know you are so popular, and because you have such an excellent story background, MOVIE CLASSIC has engaged Jim Tully to write a revealing article about your life. It is written with the famous Tully punch and is crammed with interesting facts and material. We want you, Dick, and every one of your fans, to read this story by Jim Tully in the May issue of MOVIE CLASSIC

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COVER PAINTING OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Inside News of HOLLYWOOD

By
Jack Grant

Romance for Janet?

HOLLYWOOD seems determined to get Janet Gaynor married. Consequently, the visit of Dr. I. S. Vebelen, the New York dentist, was hailed with delight by the columnists. He spent the month from Thanksgiving to Christmas in the film city and everyone was sure marriage was just around the corner.

Then, soon after the doctor departed, Janet was seen around with a new escort. Few knew the identity of the gentleman, so talk again started. He was said to be a millionaire from Chicago.

The truth is his name is Harold Anderson and he is head of the maintenance department of the Boulder Dam project. Janet first met him on the boat upon one of her trips to Honolulu. Anderson is wealthy, so I suppose there will be new romance rumors about Janet.

However, by this time Janet has become used to rumors and prefers to keep her personal affairs to herself.

Two Records

YOU'LL be hearing more of Rosalind Russell, a new contract player at M-G-M. Since this girl has been in Hollywood, a brief four months to be exact, she has appeared in seven pictures, her last being a feminine lead. That's something of a record. On the same lot, Nelson Eddy is now making his second picture in two years.

Beginner's Luck

GEORGE RAFT and Ben Bernie play bridge nearly every night with Zeppo and Chico Marx. As the Marx boys have long been Hollywood's top-flight bridge experts—they have played with the Culbertsons—pals of Raft and Bernie sent condolences upon the occasion of the first session. But George and Ben won and have been winning steadily ever since.

It is hard to say which they enjoy

more, pocketing their winnings or having the laugh on their friends.

Dancing Trouble

DANCING is both the joy and the bane of Fred Astaire's existence, for he loathes ballroom dances as much as he loves to create his own eccentric steps. He knows that if he goes out anywhere, the ladies will be offended by his failure to ask them to dance—which leaves him no recourse except to stay home. Yet this habit has won him the reputation of a recluse.

Another popular and incorrect belief about Astaire is that superstition dictates his changing his shoe laces before each professional appearance. This isn't superstition, merely common sense. Fred's intricate dances are a great strain on shoe laces and he doesn't want to risk an injury from a breaking lace while dancing.

A Beginning

MAE WEST is the proud possessor of the first dog she has ever owned. The animal is a Mexican Chihuahua, more familiarly known as a Mexican hairless. Mae is apparently starting small. I'll let you know when she works her way up to a mastiff.

Flowers

EDNA MAY OLIVER has been receiving large bouquets of flowers from Morgan Wallace. Yet it is not a romance, as this statement might lead you to suppose. You see Wallace socked Edna May on the chin, knocking her out cold. It all happened like this:

They were working together
[Continued on page 8]



Edmund Lowe is being seen places with Mary Carlisle. Here is how they appeared at the tearoom of the Hollywood Assistance League recently

"Spanish Blonde"

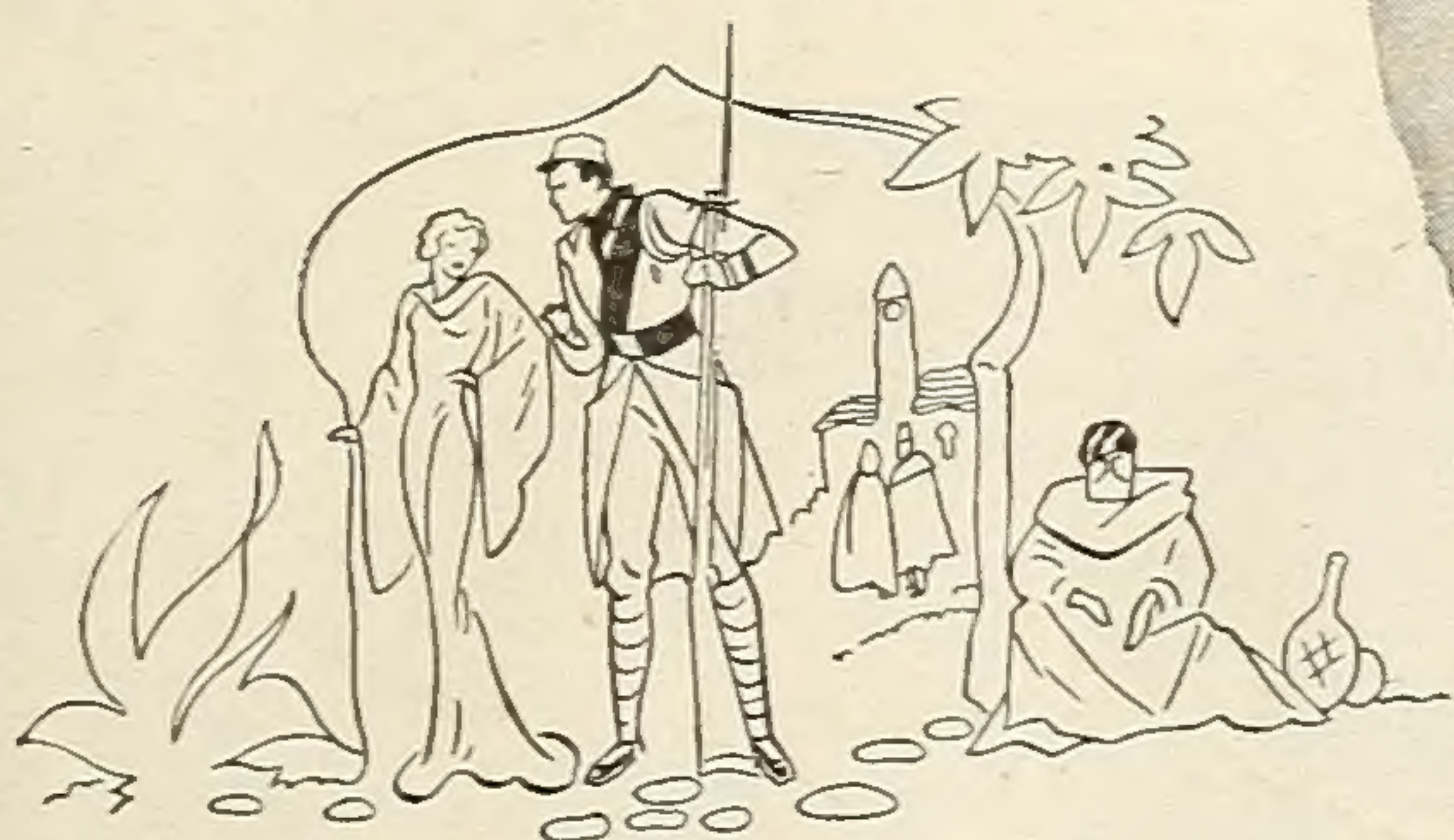
By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, she shatters the louder the fans. In "Blue Angel" she played an all-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest



"Blue Angel"

"Morocco" added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back

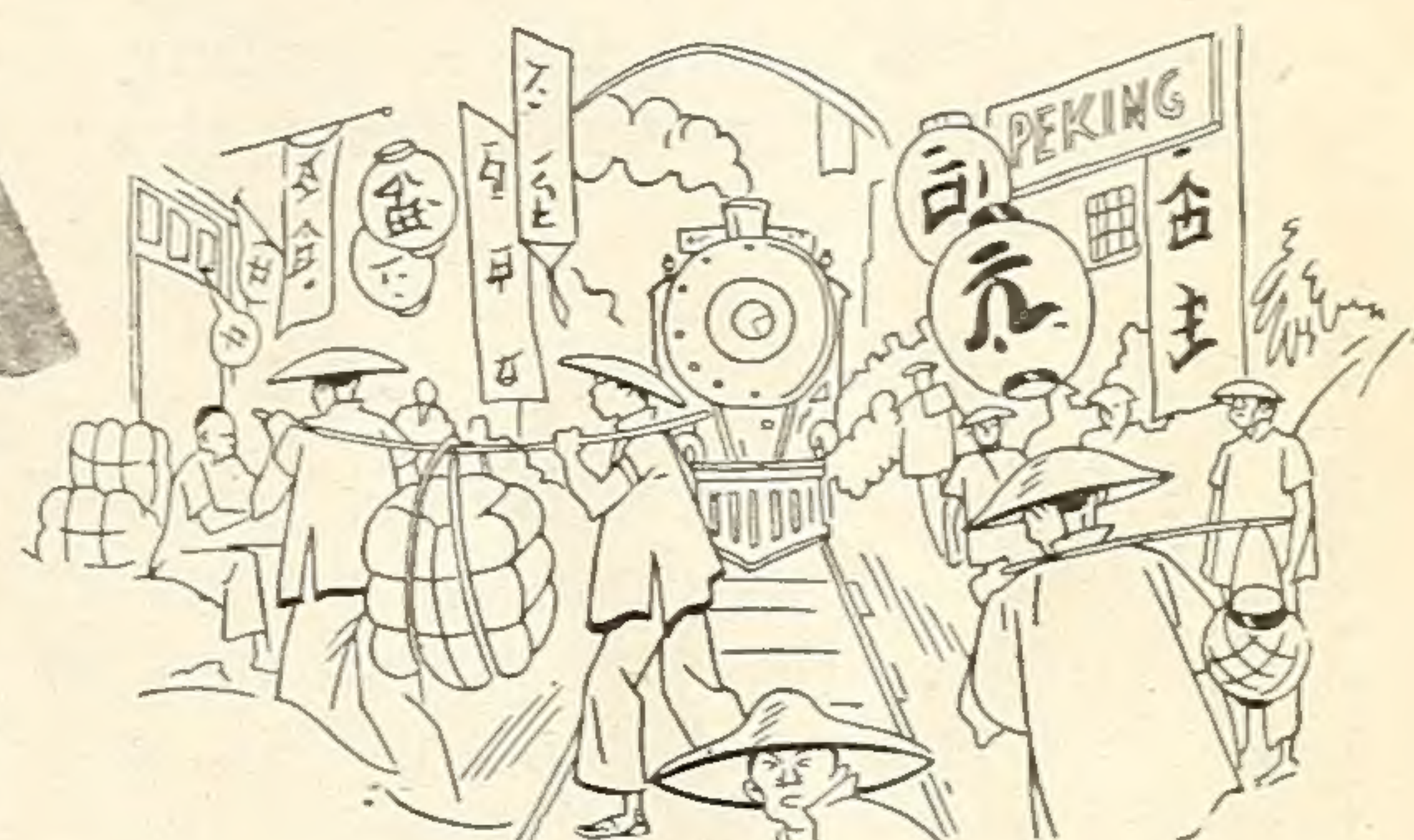


"Morocco"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain." • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most allur-takes everything and

"Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

That's Marlene Dietrich's suc-wickeder she is on the screen The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day.



"Shanghai Express"

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful "Shanghai Express" the whoops mirers could be heard from Times here's the good news of the in character—this time as the



"Carnival In Spain"

dancer in Paramount's "Carnival she exercises the fatal charm that

And once again she tramples on their hearts. As ing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

[Advertisement]

INSIDE *News of* HOLLYWOOD

[Continued from page 6]

on a scene at RKO. Wallace, playing a villain of the piece, was called upon to make a pass at Edna May, the school-teacher detective. She leaned forward too far and the blow caught her neatly on the jaw. Result, she was knocked out for three minutes and it took several hours of cold compresses before the swelling on her face was reduced so that the picture could continue.

Edna May admits the fault was all hers, but she is getting posies just the same from the contrite actor.

Too Clean

LIONEL BARRYMORE moved into his new dressing rooms at M-G-M and promptly threatened to move out again. His complaint was that the new quarters, recently built, were much too clean for his tastes.

It seems that Lionel loves the orderly disorder in which he keeps his things. In his old rooms, the janitor understood this and never came in until Barrymore called him—which was about every three months or so. But in the new place, the cleaning women come daily.

Barrymore had to have a promise that all this zeal for tidying up would stop before he agreed to stay in the new rooms.

Custom

AT M-G-M sound stages start with the number 1 and end with number 28. Yet there are only twenty-seven stages. Number 13 has been skipped in consideration of the superstitions.

No Admittance

DIXIE LEE and Bing Crosby are both working at Paramount, but they never see one another from the time they drive to work together in the morning until they go home again at night. Dixie won't allow Bing to come on her set. "He makes me nervous," she says.

Social Note

SPENCER TRACY and his wife are being seen together again these days.

California Lore

KAY JOHNSON, who has been doing a play on Broadway, is back in Hollywood now. Met at the train by a group of friends, her first question was not about pictures nor even the latest gossip.

She asked, "Are the flowers in my garden still blooming?"

Jean Dances

WHEN you see Reckless, Jean Harlow's newest picture, you will see Jean dance for the first time on the screen. You will see some grand stepping, too, if what I saw at the studio is any criterion. Jean rehearsed daily for more than two months for these routines and she had to start from scratch. She had never done even simple taps.

After her dances, incidentally, Jean usually found Bill Powell waiting to take her home. So off they would start in Bill's Ford roadster while Blanche, Jean's maid, followed in solitary grandeur in the Harlow limousine.

Cheaper to Move

THERE was a time when movie stars could be taken advantage of by almost anyone. But "them days are gone forever."

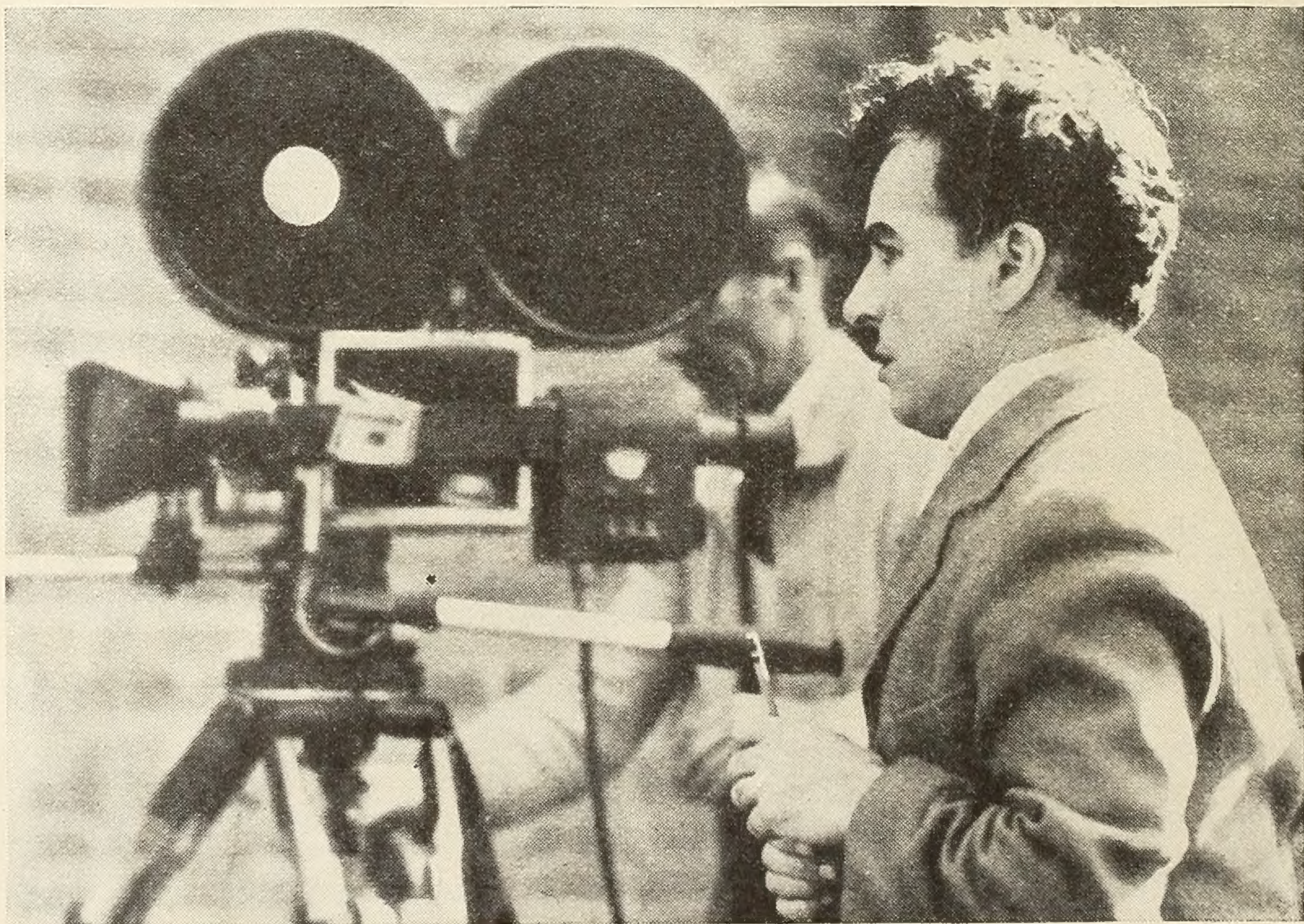
Claudette Colbert is building a new home and when her landlord heard the news, he promptly raised Claudette's rent. It was far from convenient for Claudette to find another house for the few months until her own was ready. Yet she moved anyhow as an object lesson to landlords.

Complaint

YOU can't please everyone. Billie Burke received an amazing complaint from one of her fans because she allowed herself to be kissed in a picture. "And your husband dead only three years," the letter said, "How could you, Miss Burke? Mr. Ziegfeld was such a wonderful man!"

Jack's Restaurant

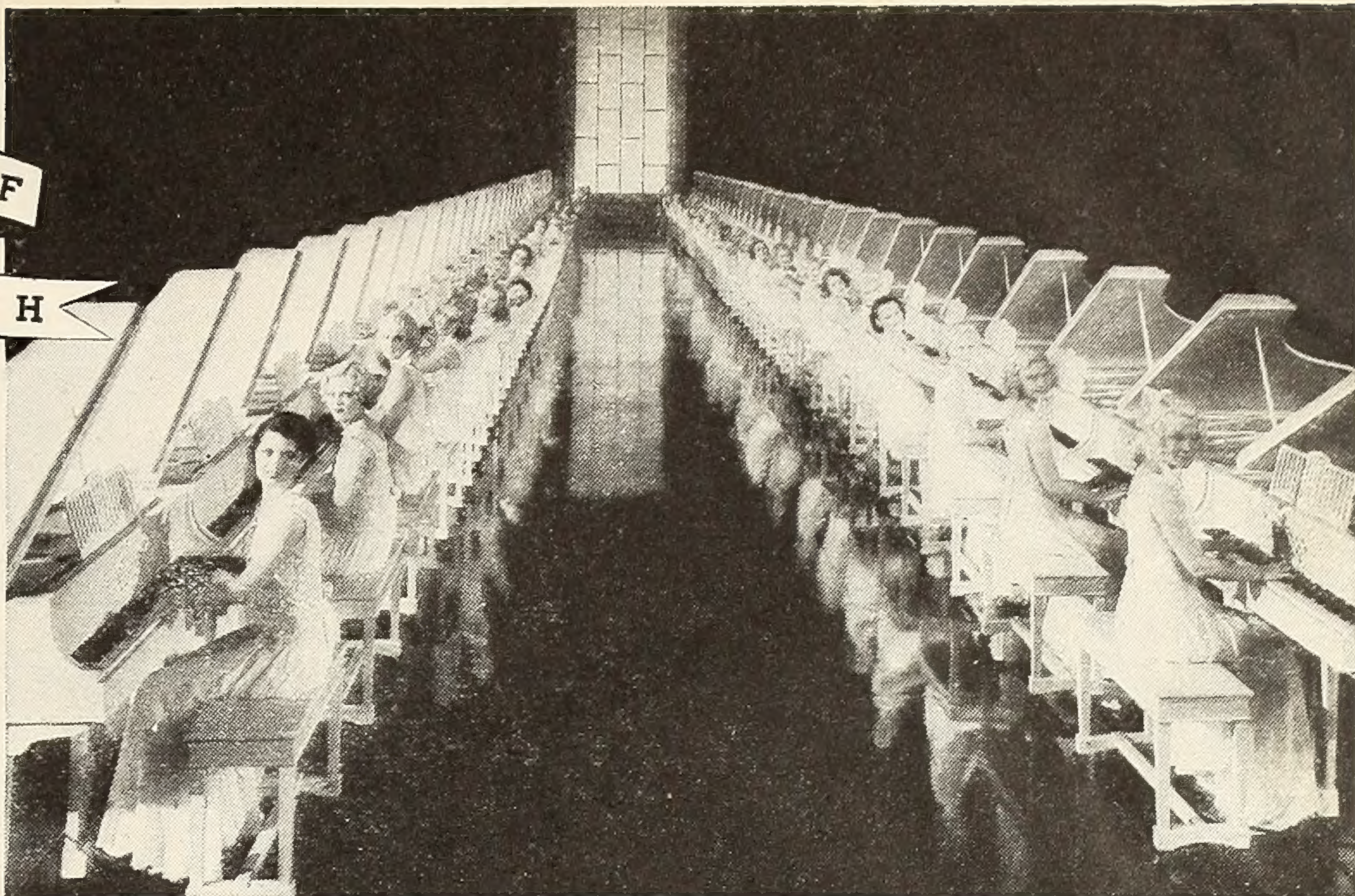
HOLLYWOOD folks look forward to visiting Jack Dempsey's new restaurant, opposite Madison Square Garden, in New York City. It gives evidence of becoming the new Manhattan rendezvous of visiting film celebrities. Jack has forsaken his roving career as fighter, promoter, hotel man and actor to become a model husband and father and he and the beautiful Hannah Williams, who gave up her theatrical career for motherhood, are rated as among the happiest of couples.



Who says Charlie Chaplin is making a talkie? Here is Charlie directing a scene for his new untitled picture. Notice the "silent" camera.

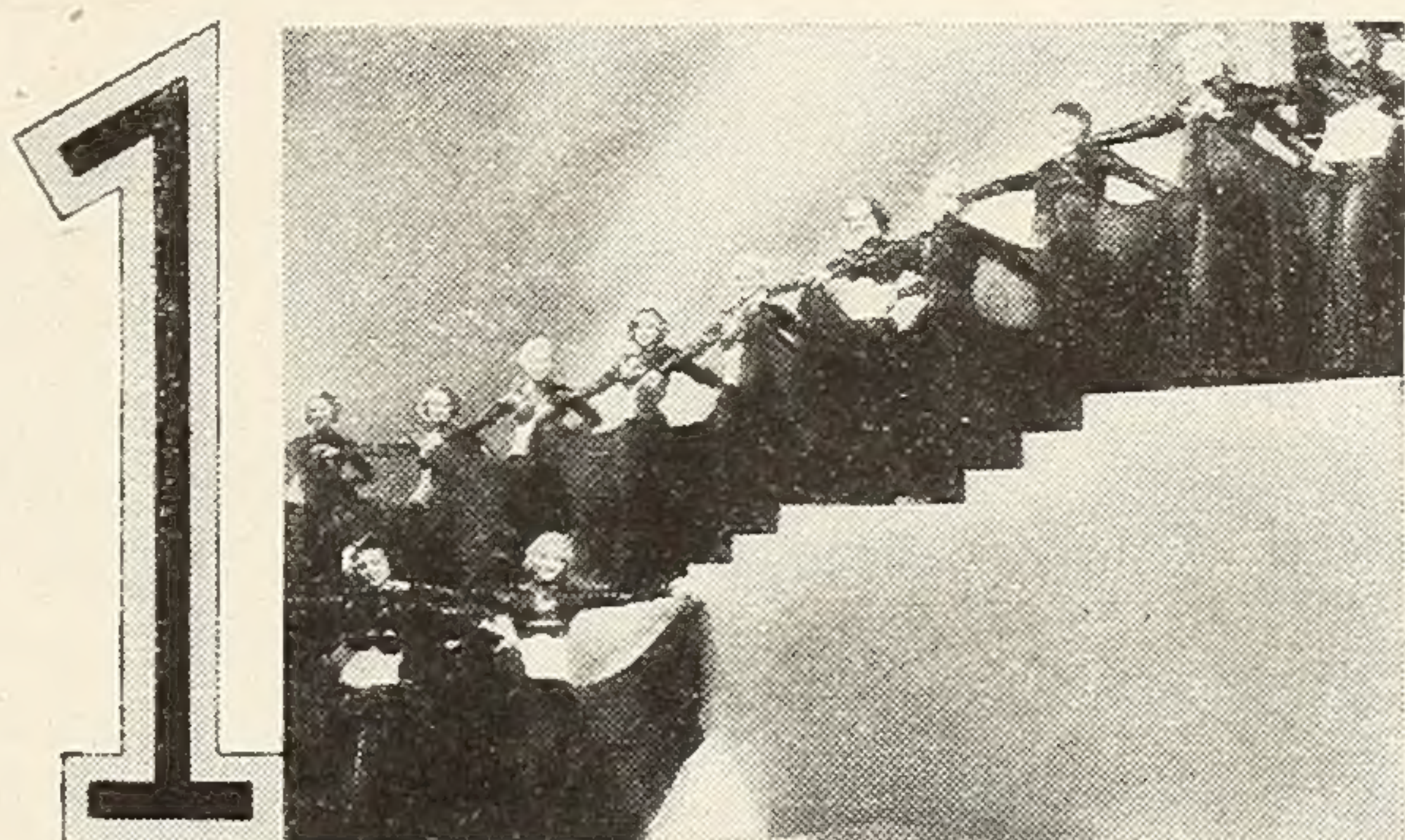
THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

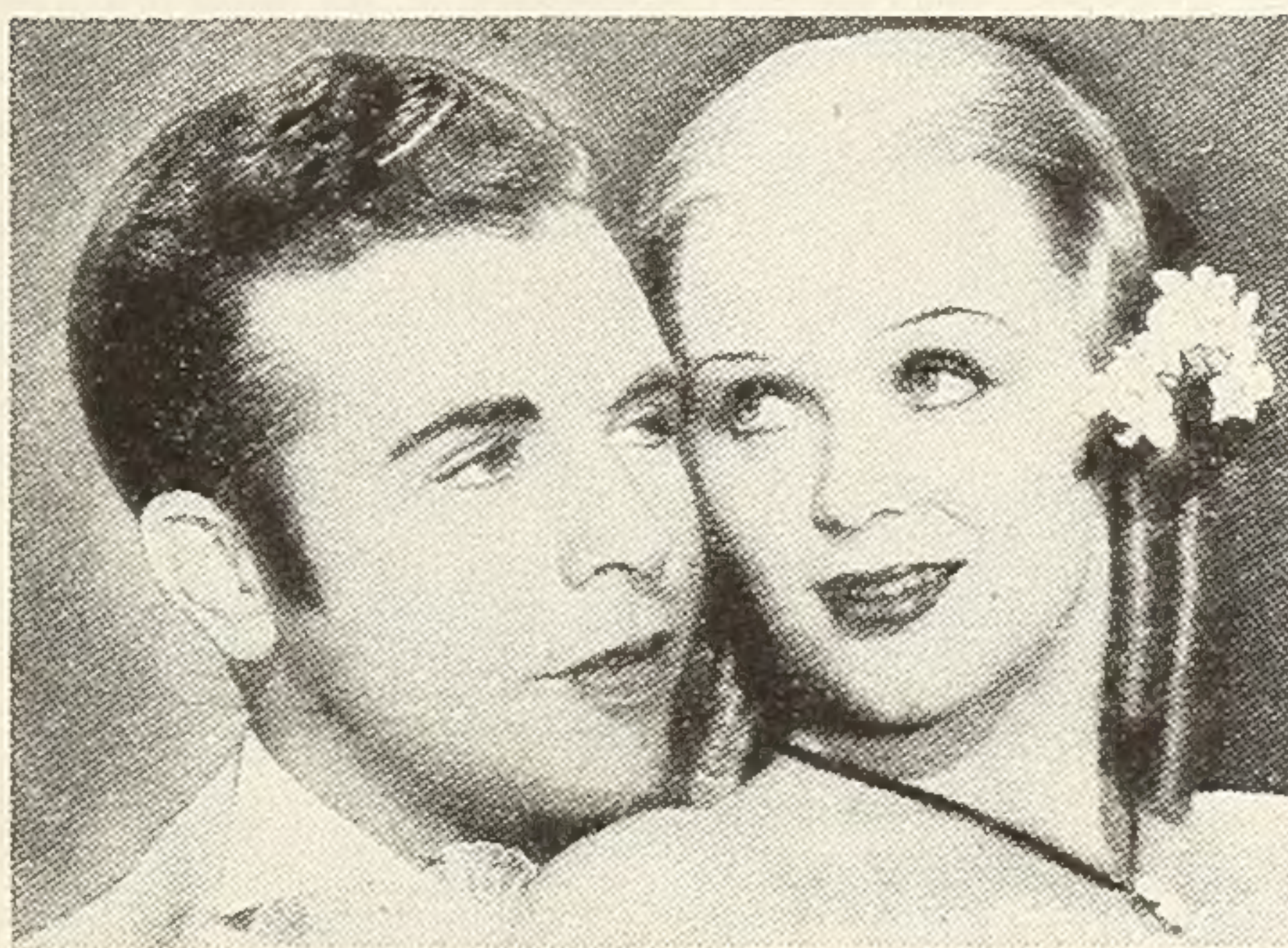


In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands" Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

GOLD DIGGERS OF



1
9



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL, FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT, WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE, JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL** and famous **RAMON & ROSITA**

3

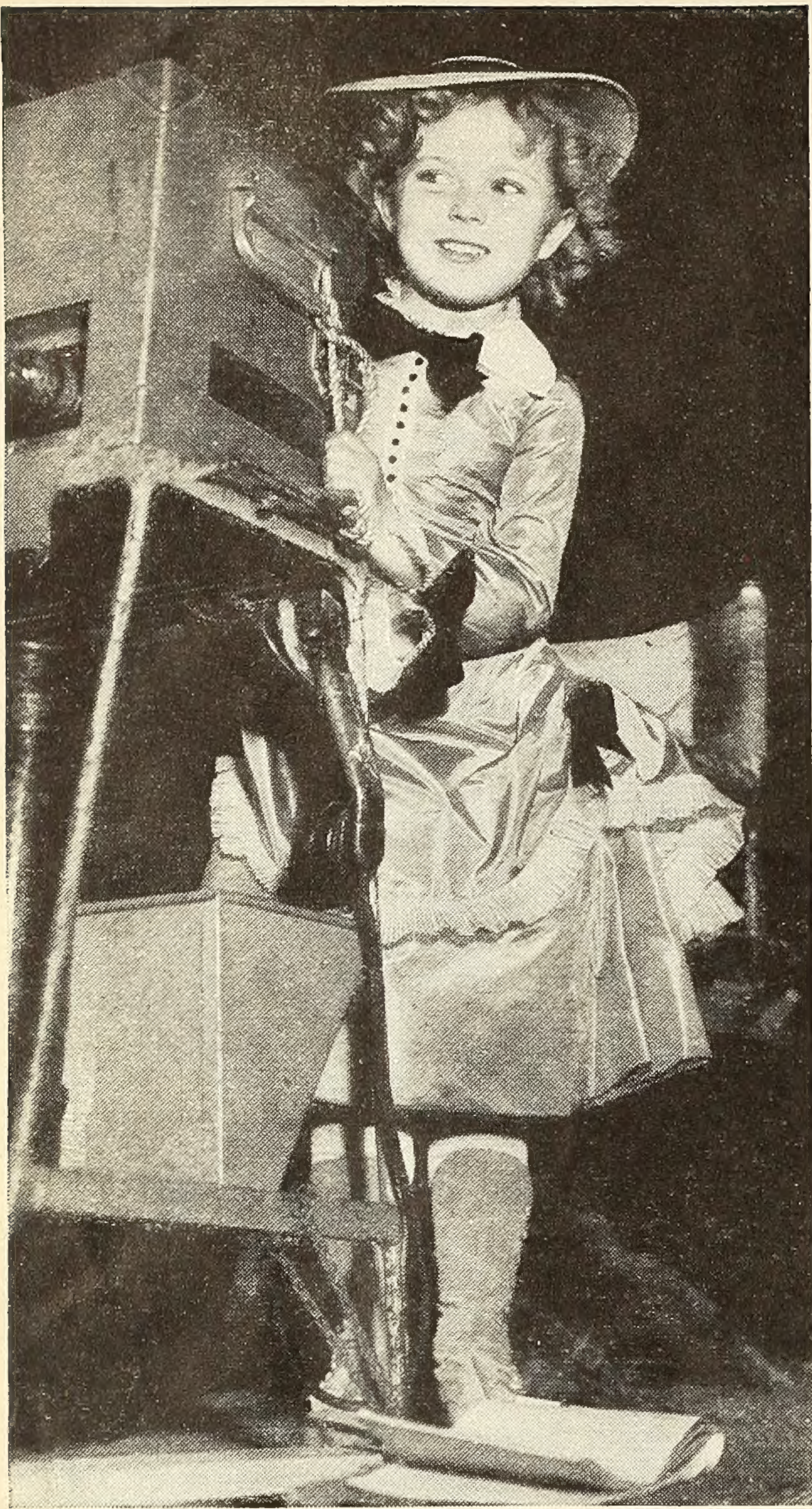


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Credit BUSBY BERKELEY

for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — "Lullaby of Broadway" — "The Words Are in My Heart" — "I'm Going Shopping With You."



Letters To The Editor

MOVIE CLASSIC readers pen their opinions of stars and productions and prizes are offered for best letters

ALL STAR PICTURES

(\$15 Prize Letter)

Gone are the days of the one star pictures. Some of the greatest names in Hollywood are now being linked together and co-starred. To no one star goes all the glory. The one star pictures are a thing of the past.

It is true that star billing still exists, but it doesn't mean that the story is built around one character. Garbo, Del Rio and Dietrich are the only three I've noticed recently who topped star billing. Perhaps a few other names could be added to the list.

So, let us rest assured that in the future we can see first-class features with two or more stars and a real honest-to-goodness supporting cast thrown in to boot.—James W. Cohea, 1738 N.W. Third Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

BETTER THAN EVER

(\$10 Prize Letter)

I have just seen *Bright Eyes*, Shirley Temple's latest starring vehicle, and I was touched and affected by this human and interesting story. After witnessing *Stand Up and Cheer* and *Baby Take a Bow*, I couldn't possibly imagine *Bright*

"Shirley Temple in *Bright Eyes* lovelier than ever before"

Eyes surpassing them, but it did. Lovelier than ever before, Shirley is superb as the daughter of Lois Wilson. The little actress again proved herself a fine singer by her rendition of the new song, *On The Good Ship Lollypop*. As usual, James Dunn is realistically convincing. Dunn, whose naturalness and lifelike performances cannot be matched by a Gable, Lederer, or Montgomery, is as essential to the film as Shirley herself. Between the two, they had tears streaming down my face and that is an accomplishment, inasmuch as I am not a booster of child pictures.—Chris Matthews, 517 East Washington Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer ten cash prizes: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; (4 to 10) \$1 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The editors of MOVIE CLASSIC will be the sole judges. Write your letters immediately and address them to MOVIE CLASSIC's Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

HUZZAHS FOR HOLLYWOOD

(\$5 Prize Letter)

Hats off to the supporting casts of the great movie stars. I write to give them the laudation they so richly deserve for the work that has rounded out to perfection many a picture that might have failed. I call to your minds those hard-working supporting players who bring to each and every rôle they play unusual intelligence, fine characterization, restraint, perfectly trained voices, flawless diction, good taste and, above all, superior talent for acting.

Among these are Henry Stephenson, Edward Everett Horton, Phillips Holmes, Louise Fazenda, C. Aubrey Smith, Noah Beery, Mary Boland, Mary Astor, Brian Ahern, Ona Munson, Otto Kruger, Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan, and dozens of others who deserve high spots on the roll of honor.—Harvey Peake, 2301 Speed avenue, Louisville, Ky.

A DESERVED BREAK

(\$1 Prize Letter)

I am glad to see Aline MacMahon appearing again in a good picture. She has real talent, but has been unpleasantly cast in characters that lacked the love thrill. She proved her worth in many pictures, but has also been the victim of poor casting. In *Babbit*, she gives a faithfully accurate characterization. It is well worth going to see, with Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee taking important parts. It will refresh your memory of the book and of the time when nearly everyone was reading *Babbit*.—Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N.J.

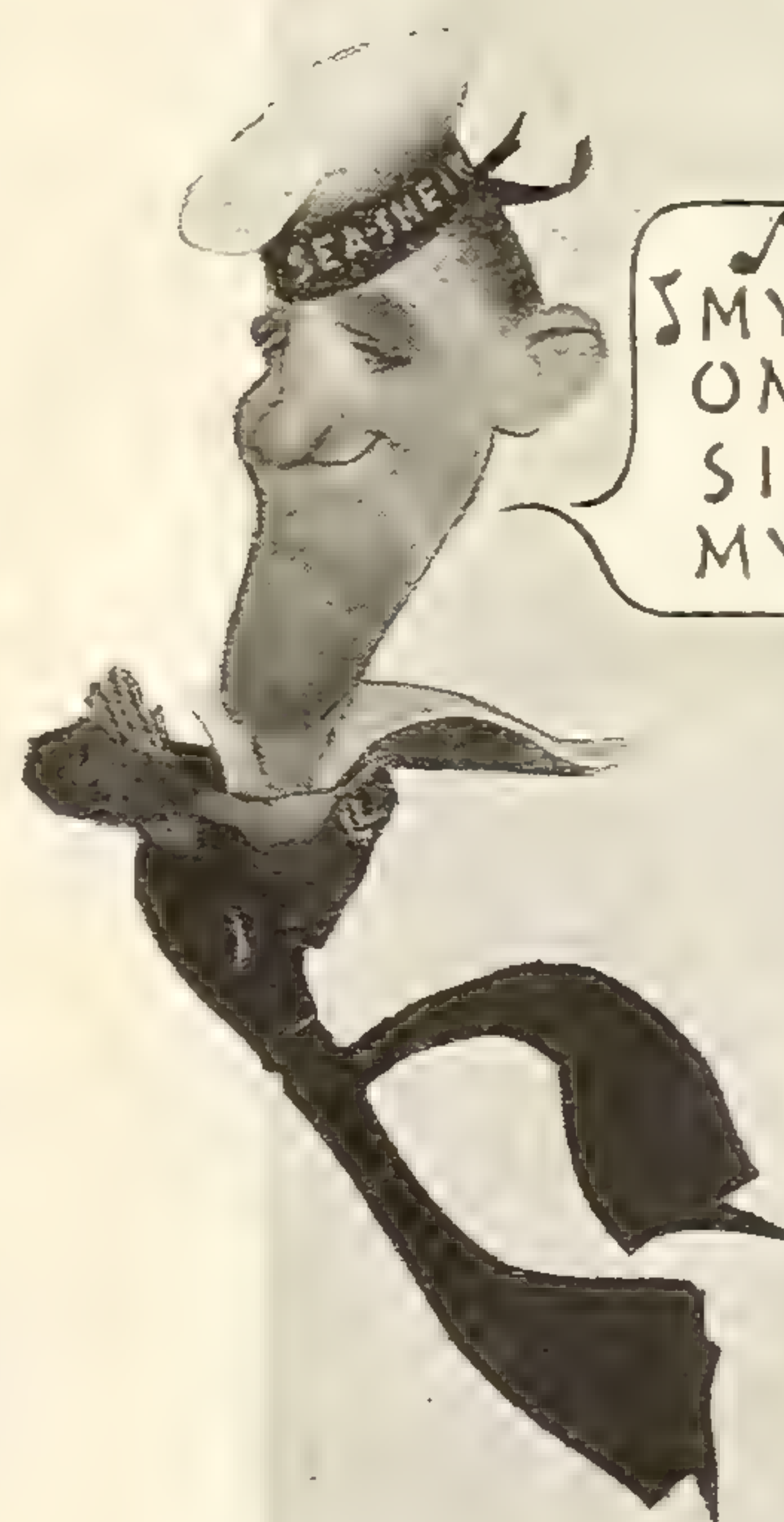
CROWN FOR GRETA

(\$1 Prize Letter)

At last we Americans are beginning to wake up and give worthy credit due a great actress—Greta Garbo. I [Continued on page 58]

**THE GREATEST COMEDY
FIND SINCE CHAPLIN!**


JACK HULBERT JACK AHOY



**THE FUNNIEST COMEDIAN
THE FUNNIEST DANCER
THE FUNNIEST SINGER
THE FUNNIEST LOVER**
Discovered since Charlie Chaplin

**COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE**

GEORGE ARLISS in THE IRON DUKE
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW • POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN

 **PRODUCTIONS**

MOVIE CLASSIC

The Editor's Page

IT HAS oft been said that tragedy breeds true understanding and that true understanding makes a great artist. Motion picture stars are artists of the highest rank. And those who attain this high station in life can almost invariably look back upon experiences which made it possible for them to understand human emotions in the manner necessary for accurate screen portrayals.

It is seldom that we learn of the tragic things which generate greatness in our film idols, because we are too much concerned with present day happenings and successes. Two MOVIE CLASSIC contributors, Jack Smalley and Eric L. Ergenbright, have gone behind the scenes to bring you some heretofore unrevealed facts about the lives of Lyda Roberti and Barbara Stanwyck, glamorous and entertaining members of Hollywood's film colony. These stories are found elsewhere in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC and your editor recommends them to every reader possessing a desire to better his or her understanding of the things which contribute to greatness.

When you see *Folies Bergere de Paris*, you will view the world's costliest dance. Darryl Zanuck, the producer, refused to approve the sequence until it met his demands. And when that happy time arrived, he had spent \$160,000 on the one scene. But, then, you'll have a hard time calling to mind a Zanuck picture you didn't think was good entertainment.

SCANNING the Hollywood picture horizon, we find a veritable sunburst of fine pictures in the making. It is worth noting that during a recent week, 42 pictures were in production as against 25 pictures for the corresponding week of 1934.

The quality of pictures, too, shows a vast improvement and augurs well for the programs which fans will enjoy during the next few months. Fox is turning out such productions as *Dante's Inferno* and *George White's Scandals*. At M-G-M the list discloses such certain winners as *Reckless*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Vampires of Prague* and *Times Square Lady*. Paramount is doing its part with *All The King's Horses*, *How Am I Doing?*, *Mississippi* and *Stolen Harmony*. RKO will bring you the first great all-color feature, *Becky Sharp*, and, in addition to this, will offer *Roberta*. On the Twentieth Century lot we find companies working on such master-productions as *Folies Bergere de Paris*, *Call of the Wild* and *Les Miserables*. Universal cameras are grinding out *The Return of Frankenstein* and *Princess O'Hara*. Warner Brothers have an imposing list of pictures headed by *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *In Caliente*.

All of this means that the quality of pictures is being improved and that the percentage of hit pictures will be greater than ever before. And that means that you will want to spend more time in your favorite theatre.

In the glamour and ballyhoo of present-day picture making, the true art of the drama is frequently forgotten. Hollywood today has in its midst a young woman who is an actress in every sense that the word implies. Yes, there are several—Hepburn, Garbo, Sullavan and others. This young lady now ranks with the best. Her name is Bette Davis. In *Of Human Bondage* and, more recently, in *Bordertown*, she made you despise the personalities she portrayed. Only a real artist can make an audience do that.

BECKY SHARP, the first all-color feature now being produced by Pioneer for RKO distribution, is having its share of tough luck.

First, the director, Lowell Sherman, died, halting production. The new director Rouben Mamoulian, decided to start all over again. Then the star, Miriam Hopkins, became ill and production was again halted. When she recovered, Director Mamoulian was taken ill.

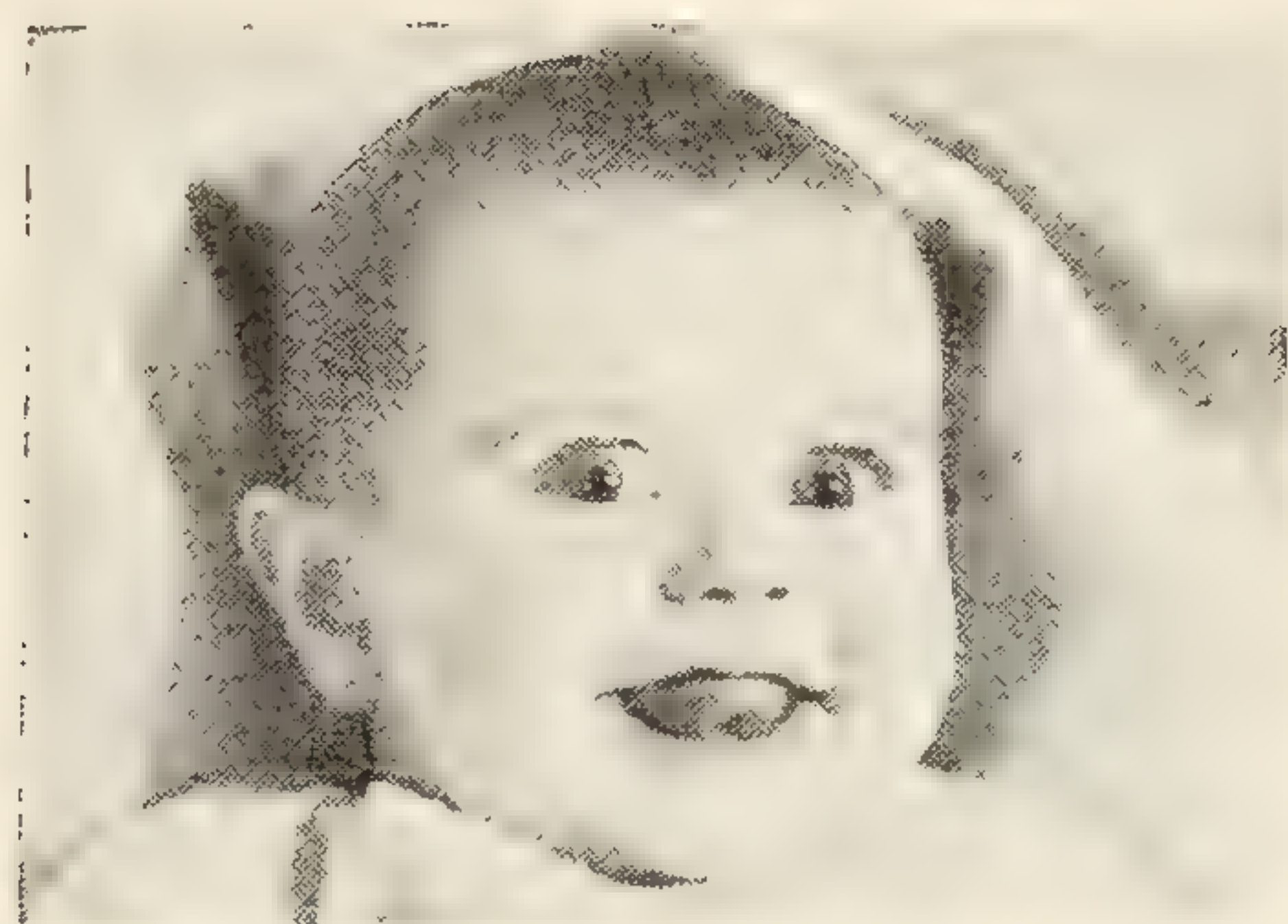
In commenting on this trouble, we are not unmindful of the many obstacles faced by Paramount in producing *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which so far looks like the year's best picture. Maybe trouble presages success and in the case of *Becky Sharp*, we hope so, for this picture, if successful, may change the whole scheme of motion picture production.

Recently four pictures playing in major Broadway theatres at the same time were held over for long extra runs, with the houses filled at each performance. The pictures were *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *David Copperfield*, *Bordertown* and *The County Chairman*. Which goes to show that good pictures will fill theatres—and that Hollywood IS turning out good pictures.

TO Winfield Sheehan, guiding genius of Fox, goes the distinction of being the first motion picture producer in Hollywood to be decorated by the French government as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. It is a deserved honor, for "Winnie" Sheehan, along with other producers, has contributed to the social and moral betterment of the entire world. In America we have no governmental honors other than those of a military nature, but if we did have, the men and women in Hollywood who have provided humanity with its greatest form of entertainment would be deserving of such recognition.

Murphy McHenry

The GIBSON FAMILY



DOT MARSH, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

TODAY Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"**PURL TWO — SLIP ONE,**" recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already!*"

"When and *if* it gets done, Miss

Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES



"**DAT OL' TEA SET** of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful'," says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS



"**YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN**, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"



from **160 pounds**
to **132 in just**
8 weeks!

Just think of losing almost 30 pounds in twice that many days. That's just what Miss Hartford did through an easy method you can use.

● "The day my weight reached 160 pounds I made up my mind that I must do something. The scales had been pointing higher each week until I despaired of ever looking my old self again. But that's all changed now—I weigh just 132 lbs.—exactly what I should for my height and age and, am I happy? Ask my family and friends.

"I used a simple method—one that is so easy I never dreamed it could accomplish such an amazing transformation. And, with this harmless, drugless method I ate my regular meals every day."

Anyone can reduce by this DRUGLESS method

Thousands of women—men too—are getting back to normal weight. With the loss of superfluous flesh comes increased vigor and vitality.

Wate-Off is a HARMLESS food compound (no salts, no drugs of any kind) which, however, becomes a substitute for certain fat-forming foods and supplies the body with the necessary minerals and vitamins so essential to health. The directions say: Take Wate-Off before meals, then eat your hearty fill. "Results," users say, "are simply amazing."

No Starving--No Punishment

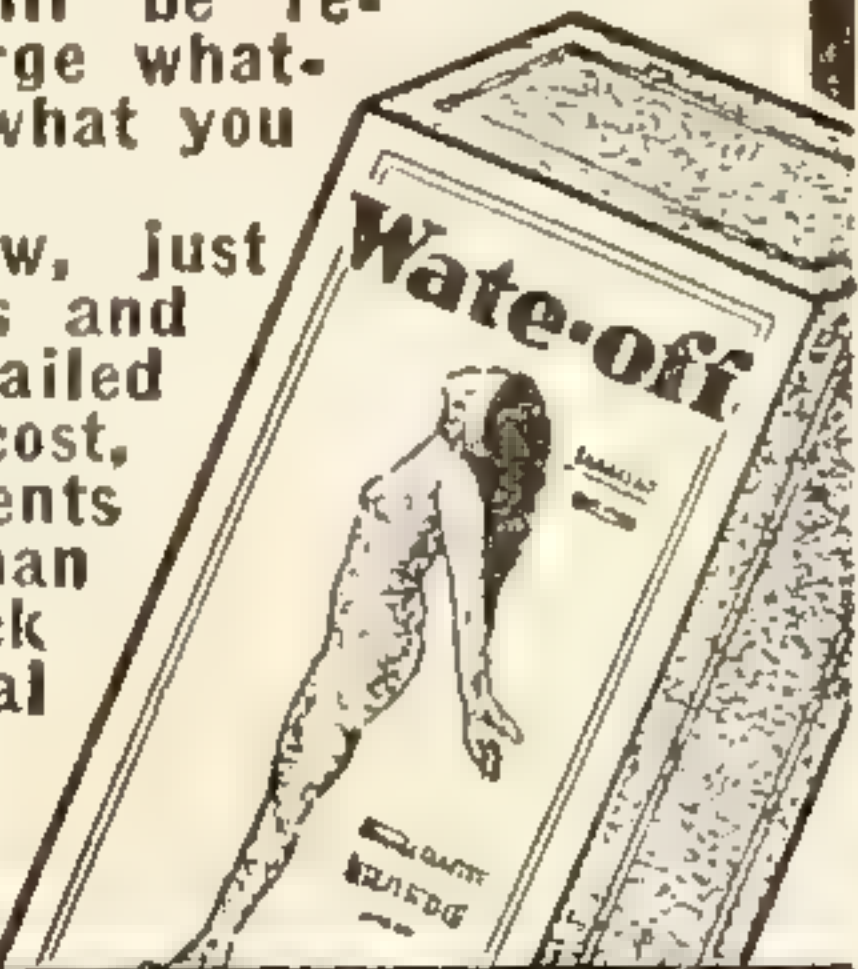
No need to punish one's self by excessive and back-breaking exercise. No need to fast and deny yourself anything you need for health. A trial under our NO RISK offer will convince you.

FREE Proof to anyone

We want every woman in America, every man, too, for that matter, to know that it is possible to lose unwanted pounds. Therefore we say:

Try Wate-Off for 10 full days—we furnish complete but simple directions—and then if you haven't lost weight as fast as you would like to, or as is good for you, if you don't feel better in every way, send back the container and every penny you have paid us will be returned to you. No charge whatever will be made for what you have used.

Send no money now, just your name and address and everything will be mailed promptly. Deposit the cost, only \$2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman under our "money back guarantee" then let actual results decide whether or not you want to continue. Start that reduction now.



MAIL THIS COUPON

VITALIN PRODUCTS, Dept. 265
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

You may send me a full 30-day treatment of Wate-Off for trial. I will deposit only \$2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman upon delivery, but this is to be returned to me without question or argument if I return the package in 10 days. No charge is to be made for what I have used.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

NOTE: Of course, if you prefer, you may enclose \$2.45 (check or money order) with coupon, and everything will be sent postpaid with the same "money back" guarantee.

Questions

Q. Is Adrienne Ames married? Marion.

A. Yes, Adrienne is married to Bruce Cabot, also of the screen.

Q. Did Lowell Sherman finish *Becky Sharp* before his death? B. C. C.

A. Pioneer's Technicolor *Becky Sharp*, which was interrupted by Sherman's death after 13 days in production, has resumed production.

Q. Is Mary Pickford making any pictures this year? John.

A. So far, Miss Pickford has not reported any plans for pictures. She is at present broadcasting over NBC.

Q. Is Colleen Moore's husband an actor? H. R. T.

A. No, Colleen's husband, Al Scott, was a former newspaper man and has more recently been on the New York Stock Exchange.

Q. Who will direct the filming of *Ziegfeld's Show Boat*? T. D.

A. Carl Laemmle, Jr. is in charge of the screen version of the famous revue and the last word was that Irving Cummings would be the director.

Q. What has become of William Desmond who starred in so many silent pictures? D. M. W.

A. The former star of western films is now playing bit parts—his most recent in *Naughty Marietta*.

Q. How long did it take to make *Three Little Pigs*? What is the cost of making these cartoons? B. B. B.

A. It took four months after the story was approved to make the Disney picture. The average Mickey Mouse animated cartoon costs \$18,000.

Q. How did Jeanette MacDonald get her start as a singer? Hattie.

A. Jeanette's first theatrical engagement was in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn show at the Capitol Theater in New York.

DO YOU have questions concerning your favorite movie stars which you want answered? If you do, just ask THE MAN WHO KNOWS. If you desire an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and he will reply to you by return mail. Or you can send in your questions and they will be answered in an early issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Mail your questions now to THE MAN WHO KNOWS, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Love Parade was her first motion picture.

Q. Was Dudley Digges always in the movies? H. H. P.

A. No, Dudley Digges was formerly stage manager for George Arliss, after which he spent many years on the New York stage. He was also actor and producer at the Theatre Guild.

Q. Is Ralph Forbes married again and, if so, to whom? Dotty.

A. Yes Dotty, Ralph Forbes is married again and to Heather Angel.

Q. Is it true that Charlie Chaplin is making his new picture in color and what is the title of the picture? G. D. F.

A. Charlie will probably feature a sequence in color according to reports. As yet, the picture has no title.

Q. Is it true that James Cagney is to have a part in *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Prof.

A. Yes, Mr. Bottom is the rôle assigned to Jimmy.

Q. Who is Jane Withers and where did she come from? R. J. L.

A. Jane Withers was born in Atlanta and after moving to Los Angeles went into radio work until she was selected for the rôle of the bad child in Shirley Temple's *Bright Eyes*.

Q. How long did it take to make *Sequoia*? T. E. W.

A. It took two years.

and Answers

By the Man Who Knows

Q. Was Chester Morris ever on the stage before he went into the movies? J. Z.

A. Yes, Chet was in vaudeville for many years and had several Broadway successes to his credit before he went to Hollywood.

Q. What is the name of Marlene Dietrich's daughter? T. T. U.

A. Marlene's daughter's name is Maria, but she is often called Heidede.

Q. What has become of Dorothy Mackaill? Jerry.

A. Dorothy has been on the stage in New York, Jerry. However, she is now in Hollywood and looking the picture situation over.

Q. What has become of Melvyn Douglas? R. K.

A. Melvyn Douglas is in New York. He directed the play *Within the Gates*, which closed, but caused considerable comment in New York.

Q. How did Nancy Carroll get her start in the theatre and pictures? S. J. H.

A. Nancy got her start by winning a prize in a local talent contest staged at a theatre in New York.

Q. Where did George Brent get his first experience as an actor?

A. George Brent got his first experience at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

Q. Is it true that Noel Coward will appear in pictures? Alice.

A. Yes, Noel Coward will make his first film and under the direction of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

Q. Has Frances Dee a sister and is she in the movies, too? Hall.

A. Yes, Hall, Frances has a very talented sister by the name of Margaret who got her first chance in pictures when the late Lowell Sherman put her in the cast of *Becky Sharp*.

Q. Are Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo rivals off the screen? L. R. R.

A. Just how far the rivalry extends is questionable. The two stars have never met, though it is said that Marlene has tried very hard to obtain an introduction.

Q. What has become of Elsie Ferguson? Does she ever appear in pictures anymore? D. R. D.

A. Elsie is in Hollywood and was to have appeared in RKO's *Becky Sharp*, but an eye infection forced her out of the cast.

Q. What has happened to Ida Lupino who was so much in the limelight for a while? T. H. W.

A. The Paramount player has been abroad and only recently returned to Hollywood and work in the pictures.

Q. How did Jack Oakie get his start as an actor and screen star? Frances.

A. Jack got his first break when he appeared in a Junior League charity, where he made such a hit that he got a vaudeville contract and later a part in the Ziegfeld Follies, which brought him to the attention of the movie bigwigs.

Q. Has William Powell any children? G. R. G.

A. Yes, William Powell has a son, William David Powell.

Q. What is Barbara Stanwyck's right name? F. P. O.

A. Barbara's right name was Ruby Stevens and is now Mrs. Frank Fay.

Q. Where does Helen Morgan hail from and what was her previous acting experience? Dolly.

A. Helen Morgan was born in Danville, Ill., and her first experience was as a singer in a Chicago night club. Later, she went to New York, where she became a Ziegfeld star and the owner of her own night club.

Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves...but about *you* and a problem of *yours*!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get...thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief...well that laxative *must* be good. When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different...and better.

*Why America buys more
Ex-Lax than any other laxative*

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle*. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take...for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE...and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR...with Ex-Lax.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MP45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

**The bigger you are,
the harder you'll fall
for Shirley in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"**

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley gradually steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some fancy steppin'.

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley as she really is . . . with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks!

So take my advice. Take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots!



What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits.

**ONE MORE HIT FOR
GAYNOR AND BAXTER
IN "ONE MORE SPRING"**



Rave notices, everywhere! This unusual story from Robert Nathan's best seller tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance!

With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"**

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."



SPOTS in latest hits!

by Jerry Halliday



As the proud, fiery, Kentucky Colonel, Barrymore scores another triumph!



"Why do they call you the Little Colonel?"
"Because I'm so much like you! I've got a temper and I stamp my foot and I holler back at people, too."

Hollywood Notes—

The "grapevine" sees all, hears all, tells all! And right now the town is buzzing with the news that the Fox lots are rounding up the mightiest stories, the greatest plays . . . that Fox stars are scoring hit after hit with more in the making!

Just one look at these two pages confirms that story. So take a tip from Hollywood—if you're looking for entertainment, look for the name . . .



Laughter never ends with WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

America's Number 1 star!...That's Will Rogers. And he zooms 40 notches higher in his newest and laughinest Fox hit!

Imagine Will as a modern country editor who finds his greatest



fun in life after forty. Imagine Will dropping barbed wire wisecracks at pompous George Barbier, his sworn enemy! And try to imagine Will as a hog caller, aided by Slim Summer-ville, turning a political powwow into a hog's holiday!

Laughs galore . . . plus the heart-throb story of two lovers, Richard Cromwell and refreshing Rochelle Hudson, who fight the shame of a jail sentence . . . plus Jane Darwell who adds to the humor and romance . . . make "Life Begins at 40" another Will Rogers treat for the whole family!

So put this one down in your date book . . . it's another best bet of the month from the Fox studios!

PREVIEW FLASH from Geo. White's SCANDALS of 1935



Coming your way soon! Songs, comedy, beautiful girls! With Alice Faye, James Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards, Eleanor Powell, Arline Judge and George White himself.



THE LOVERS IN "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"
Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson

"Now that you've asked me to marry you, when will it be?"



"Of course I'll go— LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA, direct from its N.Y. Stage—Broadcast by LISTERINE
announced by *Geraldine Farrar* . . . Every Saturday . . . All NBC Stations

Safe antiseptic
relieves inflammation
Quickly

It is wonderful how often Listerine relieves the pain associated with ordinary sore throat—the kind of sore throat that usually warns you of the onset of a cold. Frequently two treatments, and often one, are sufficient to get rid of that raw, constricted, painful feeling.

The instant Listerine enters the mouth and proceeds to the throat, it begins to work. Listerine attacks the bacteria lodged there in tremendous numbers; kills millions on throat and mouth surfaces.

The inflammation is quickly relieved by the destruction of the germs which cause it and by the soothing boric acid Listerine contains.

If, after several treatments with Listerine, your sore throat still persists, call your doctor. Some types of sore throat are exceedingly dangerous and should be treated only by a competent physician. Others may be the result of a chronic tonsil infection. Against these, Listerine can do very little.

The most common type, however, and the one against which Listerine is effective, is that related to a cold. In this connection, let us point out that full strength Listerine used twice daily as a gargle is an efficient aid in fighting colds.

Bacteriologists explain that Listerine kills the germs associated with colds before they have a chance to multiply and pass on to infect other near-by tissues.

Careful tests have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not gargle with it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Relieves
SORE THROAT

Gargle with LISTERINE
twice a day to fight colds



MOVIE CLASSIC PRESENTS

Portraits of Your Favorites



Marlene Dietrich

starts a great new fashion trend by her appearance in Paramount's "Caprice Espagnol", wearing clothes that favor the Spanish styles. This delightful gown was created by Travis Banton and combines a modern touch with yesterday's Old World splendor

—Eugene Robert Richee



Ann Sothern

—Clarence Hewitt

was overlooked by Hollywood and had to change her name and be discovered a second time. Now she is riding the waves of stardom, sharing honors with Maurice Chevalier and Merle Oberon in "Folies Bergere de Paris"



Virginia Reid

came from 'way down South in Dixie to share her charm with the world via the silver screen. You'll catch quite a few glimpses of her when you see "Roberta"

—Fred Hendrickson

June Knight

You will see much of June Knight in the future, for she has just signed a long term starring contract to appear under the M-G-M banner. Hollywood's gain is New York's loss, for she was long a favorite behind legitimate footlights

—Clarence Sinclair Bull



Carole Lombard

has earned lasting recognition as "Hollywood's best dressed movie star". These becoming pajamas are of sapphire blue velvet. The loose jacket with full sleeves clips at the neckline to a blouse of lighter blue

—Eugene Robert Richee



Rachelle Hudson

came from Will Rogers old home town, Claremore, Oklahoma, and, strangely enough, she is now appearing in almost every picture with him. She has the part of Adele Anderson in "Life Begins at Forty"

—Otto Dyar



Bette Davis

finds that sun-bathing is a great stimulus for health and vigor. The cameraman snapped her as she rested under the delightful rays of California's famous sun

—Elmer Fryer

SCANDALS

The 1935 Screen Edition of George White's "Scandals" brings a lavish array of beauty and talent with such headliners as Alice Faye, James Dunn, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and Ned Sparks. MOVIE CLASSIC presents a preview of interesting scenes from this sensational Fox film



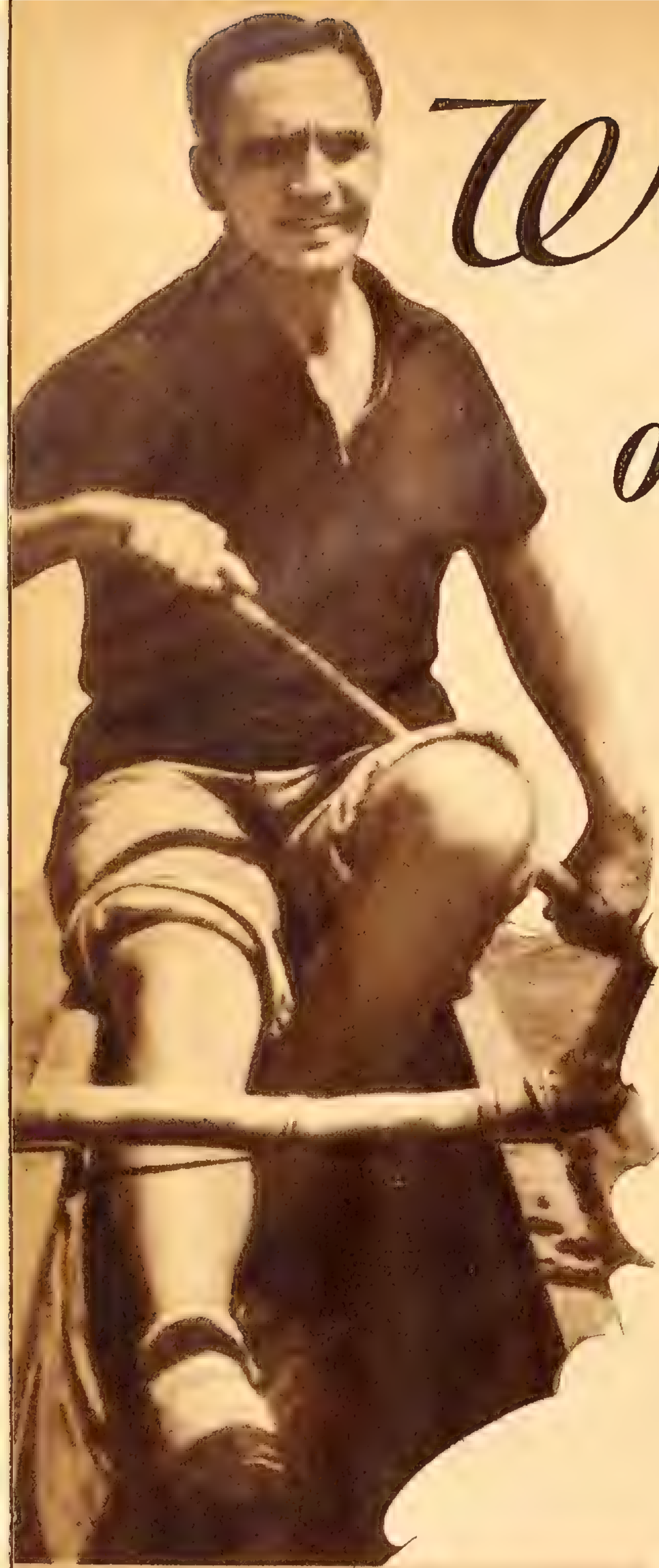
Alice Faye and James Dunn (would you believe it?) as they appear in the 1935 *Scandals*



And they lived happily ever after! Lyda Roberti, Ned Sparks (is he smiling?) and Cliff Edwards



Plenty of good looking girls in the new *Scandals*. Edna Mae Jones (center) and some of the dancers



With FREDRIC on a South Sea

A famous screen star forgets the roar and excitement of Hollywood on hibiscus-scented Tahiti

"SURE I'll talk about my South Seas trip—did you ever meet a returned traveller who wouldn't?" laughed Fredric March when I cornered him in an office at Twentieth Century studios just a few days after he had returned from the land of golden-skinned hula dancers, cocoanuts and palm trees.

"I'll not only talk about it but I'll furnish pictures, free advice and—"

Freddie checked his offer in mid-air to dive under a desk after a brief case loaded with snap-shots, developed films and souvenirs of his two months vacation journey.

And while March hunted around for his case I sat back trying to regain my mental balance. Couldn't believe my own ears. Here was a star who wanted to be interviewed. An actor who volunteered just the kind of information you needed without waiting to have it dragged out of him bit by bit.

"For years I wanted to see Tahiti," Freddie explained as he dumped a huge pile of pictures on the desk and

tilted his chair back against the wall at a dangerous, if comfortable, angle. "As a kid I read the usual South Seas yarns—Jack London, O'Brien, Frisbee and the rest of the old timers—but down in my heart I wanted to see for myself.

"Finally everything worked out swell—vacation weeks—sailing schedules—and inclination. I was fed up on Hollywood and needed a rest. I wanted to get away from autograph hunters, interviewers and everything else connected with pictures. Believe me," Freddie grinned suddenly, "I did."

"We left Hollywood burdened down with all sorts of advice from our well-meaning friends and enough baggage to have seen us safely around the world in any direction.

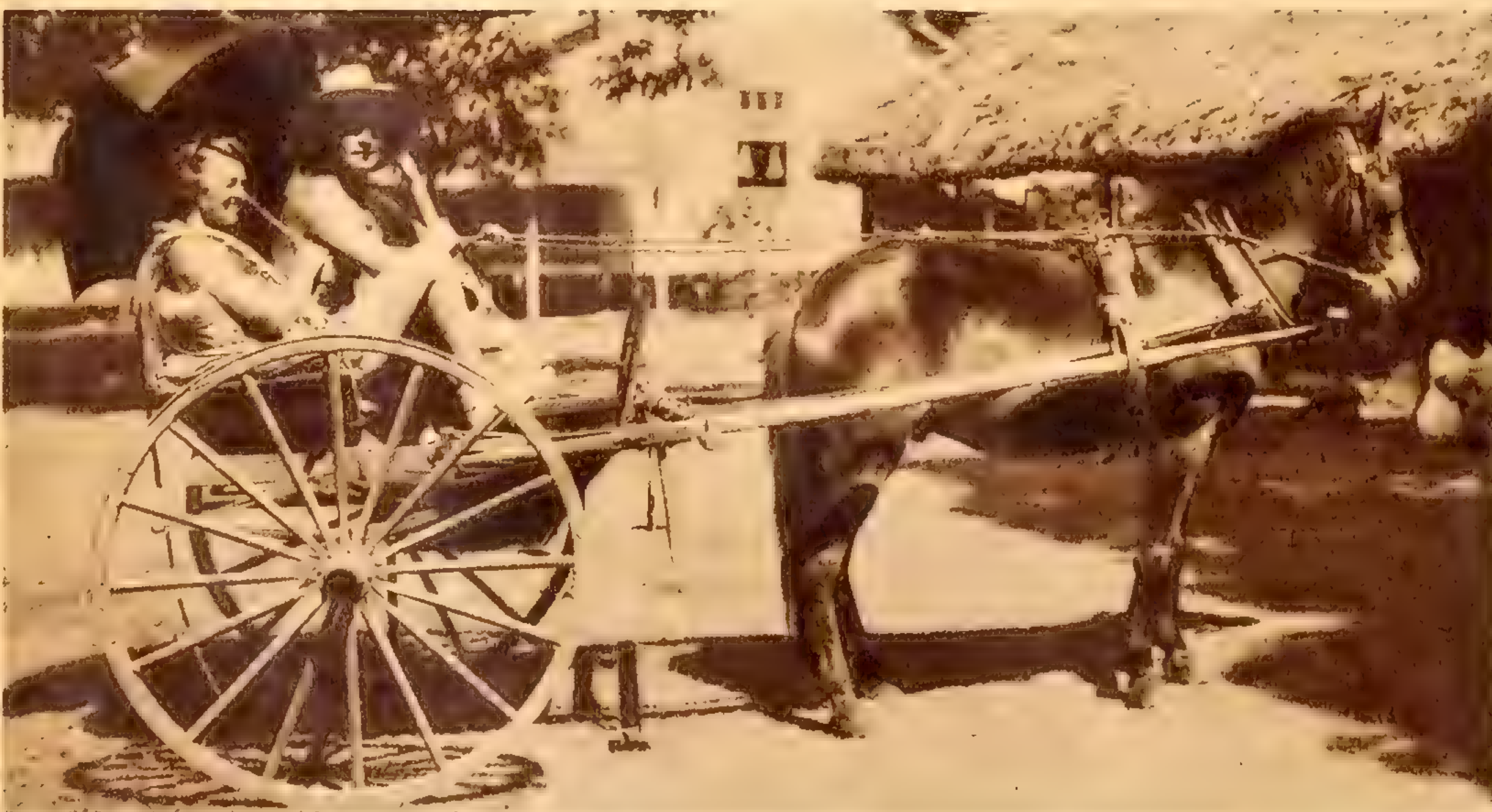
"The party included Mrs. March and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morgan. Jack is the author of the book, *Man of Two Worlds*, which he adapted for the screen.

"From the minute we stepped ashore at Papeete we started to 'unlax.' With the exception of half-a-dozen people who had seen *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in San Francisco, not a soul even mentioned my work in pictures. And that, in itself, was a relief.

"The girls? Well, had I been interested, there would have been plenty to choose from. From the hundreds of 'street girls' who flock into Papeete whenever a boat comes in to the dozens of really lovely half-castes—youngsters who make friends as easily as in the days of Captain Bligh and the Bounty mutineers.

"One thing I DID notice," and March suddenly became serious, "the smart chaps among the unattached males steered clear of the 'street girls' and when they escorted the young women of the nicer families, they went well chaperoned.

Hale and hearty, browned under a tropical sun, Fredric March paddles an outrigger canoe like a native



Mr. and Mrs. March forget their Hollywood limousine for this more primitive method of travel while sojourning in easy-going Tahiti

MARCH Isle

By
LLOYD BROWNFIELD

"I won't say the natives are as beautiful as pictured by Stevenson, O'Brien and Frisbee—but neither will I admit that they are unlovely. As in America, there are all kinds and types."

All of which proves that this Fredric March is not only a fine actor and a marvelous teller of stories but pretty much of a diplomat.

"There's no denying that the Tahitians, like most of the Polynesian races, have a different standard of morals from the one we are taught," Freddie continued, "but that's a problem for the missionaries to worry about."

"The Tahitian women mature early and age quickly. A girl of fourteen or fifteen years is considered a grown woman while at twenty-five or twenty-six years they're rapidly approaching the matronly stage. The men are big, husky fellows with grand dispositions but a deep-seated aversion to continued hard work."

"FOR our stay in Tahiti," March returned to his story, "we took rooms at *The Plantation*, a sort of bungalow hotel some twelve miles out of Papeete, and rented a small automobile for a month. We had plenty of privacy and a grand place to stay."

"Jack was busy part of the time on his new novel but the rest of us loafed and played to our heart's content."

"Honestly," and March was never more in earnest, "for the first week or two I thought I was in paradise."

"Mrs. March and Mrs. Morgan went around dressed in shorts and bandanas while Jack and I were dolled up in shorts or blue jeans. I tried to wear the native *pareu* but couldn't keep it on—it kept slipping down around my ankles at the MOST IN-OPPORTUNE times."

Freddie admitted that he felt better about his [Continued from page 78]



Happy were the hours Mr. and Mrs. March spent in the sylvan paradise of the South Seas. Shorts were all the vogue



The March party on a fish spearing expedition. That's Freddie, first on the left in the second row, with a tiare' Tahiti (white flower) in his ear

Time Out For Fun

Hollywood Stars enjoy life away from the grinding cameras, but MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman is always on the job



Lilian Harvey enjoys the comforts of slacks while visiting at Agua Caliente, Mexico, with Mrs. Carl Winston, of Beverly Hills



Al Jolson sings *Mammy* for the boys of the Alabama football team when they visit the Warner studio after trimming the Stanford eleven



Jack Oakie runs across Jackie Coogan and Anne Shirley at the Biltmore Bowl and becomes emotional—for the benefit of the cameraman



Thelma Todd and Patsy Kelly play Double Solitaire between camera shots on the Hal Roach lot

What *Love* Has Done For *Gloria Stuart*

Only an actress who is really in love can . . . but wait! We'll let Gloria herself tell you the secret

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"I'M TAKING out insurance on the future," Gloria Stuart told me with a new quietness that is very becoming. "I'm looking ahead and planning out what I want my life to be when the movies have forgotten me—as they will, when Hollywood is just a strange and exciting story to tell my children on some rainy afternoon. After all, I'm twenty-four now, and I've grown much older this last year, and a little wiser, too, I hope.

"The nightmare of most screen actresses is to look ahead to the day when they will begin to slip, when options won't be taken up, and the waits between pictures will grow longer and longer. That's because they aren't saving up any interests, any plans for the future. When that time comes to me I shan't be in Hollywood, waiting for the telephone to ring, feverishly talking about making a comeback. I shall be living very quietly in some country town, helping my husband run the local newspaper, teaching my children about the wild flowers and the stars, and the fun there is in doing things with one's hands. Children are the best insurance for the future, and yet I never liked them much—until lately.

"One thing I've decided. I shan't teach my children to expect too much from life. I used to think that I would be a great actress or a great writer and the gradual realization that I would never be either made me desperately unhappy. Now I know that it is only given to a very few people in this world to rise to the top of any profession. But if I can't be a great actress, I am going to be a better one now than I have ever been before, and I'll tell you why. It's because—for the first time in my life I am in love—"

Gloria Stuart has been acting ever since when, at fourteen, she played the heroine of *If I Were King* in the Santa Monica High School, but despite the evidence of a huge fan mail, a movie pay check for four years, requests from every studio in Hollywood to borrow her blonde beauty—surely symptoms of success—Gloria has never been quite reconciled to Hollywood. Her passionate worship for the theatre which led her to brave her family's displeasure and live for a year in a converted woodshed in Carmel so that she might serve Art at the tiny Theatre of the Golden Bough at starvation wages [Continued on page 77]



Glamorous Gloria Stuart looks to the day when she will raise children as the wife of a small-town newspaper editor

WHAT STARS SURVIVE



Tests show that Ann Harding will benefit greatly by innovation of color in films

AND NOW comes color to establish itself as the motivating force of the Third Era in motion picture history.

Talkies, you will remember, caused many upheavals in the industry to which the world looks for entertainment. Stars of the greatest magnitude became extras almost overnight—and in the same manner, extras arose to supplant the diminishing screen luminaries.

The same thing appears likely to happen with the advent of color pictures and there is hardly a star in Hollywood who is not wondering about the future—whether it will spell failure or still greater success.

The talkies were an unknown quantity. They came in so quickly that they brought panic to a very substantial industry. Color, on the other hand, has been introduced slowly. Walt Disney, in his animated cartoons, was the first one to show what could be done with a three-color process; later a short, called *La Cucaracha*, was a startling achievement. In it colors lived and breathed. For the first time, Hollywood became really aware of the potentialities and the possibilities of color. Full-length features in color are now being made. Jock Whitney is now producing *Becky Sharp* for RKO, the first of nine all-color features he will make this season. Many black and whites have color sequences.

The question today is, what stars of the sound screen will survive the penetrating color camera, which reveals not alone a surface beauty, but a beauty which even the eye cannot perceive.

Natalie M. Kalmus, the only color director in the

Now comes color to upset the film industry and the upheaval threatened may rival the revolution of films caused by the advent of sound



Natalie M. Kalmus cites Gary Cooper among the male stars who will survive color

world, who with her husband, Herbert T. Kalmus—the inventor of Technicolor—are without question the greatest authorities of this new motion picture medium, is in a measure reassuring to those already established on the screen, yet indirectly indicates that it will mark the doom of certain stars of today.

"These stars," she declares, "will survive color surely:

WILL COLOR?

By SONIA LEE

Ann Harding
Jeanette MacDonald
Miriam Hopkins
Ronald Colman
Claudette Colbert
Marion Davies

Robert Montgomery
Gary Cooper
Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow
Warner Baxter
Kay Francis

Mrs. Kalmus explains her selections:

"Claudette Colbert, because of her great talent; Norma Shearer, because she is a down-to-earth player; Jeanette MacDonald, because of her startling coloring, which will be enhanced 100 percent; Ann Harding, who will be the outstanding star of color, because the color camera shows her in tests not the brittle Ann Harding of the talkies, but a spiritual, yet alive, person who is given an amazing glow—an inner beauty which the ordinary camera cannot possibly reveal or record; Marion Davies, Jean Harlow, Miriam Hopkins—all blondes—will continue on the screen fooling the years, because their startling blondness will be given depth and a new, sheer, illuminated loveliness which black and white backgrounds absorb.

"Among the men, Robert Montgomery will be indebted to the color camera. He will survive, and what is more, survive in his characteristic gay rôles. Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, and Gary Cooper will survive.

"Technicolor will make new stars—stars of those whose personality the black and [Continued on page 73]

The startling blondness of Marion Davies will find new depth and loveliness in color



The great talent of Claudette Colbert will carry her on to new heights of popularity and film success when color predominates in the products of Hollywood's studios

They Tried To Make A Chaney out of Muni

And Muni gave his all, with the result that Hollywood shunned him until he forced it to recognize his real talents

By DONALD G. COOLEY

AT THE tender age of eleven years, a young actor by the name of Muni Weisenfreund began his theatrical career by playing the rôles of doddering old men with his parents' traveling troupe. With a cane, a carefully simulated 60-year-old voice, and skillfully applied make-up, his success was so complete that critical audiences never dreamed they were applauding a youngster whose normal interests embraced such juvenile activities as hooking rides on trucks and playing cop and robber.

Some twenty-odd years later this virtuosity was to play its part in wrecking the budding film career of Paul Muni when he answered Hollywood's beckoning finger. Hollywood licked him thoroughly and completely, wrapped him up in celluloid and stored the sarcophagus in a compartment of the producer's trial and error department labeled "flop."

For Muni Weisenfreund, as you have guessed, is the Paul Muni of *Bordertown* and *Black Fury* and *Scarface*—Hollywood's perfect rugged individual who today sits at the top of the heap and looks back gravely on a string of smash hits. The comeback theme is an old one, in real life as in fiction, but rarely does it produce so happy an ending as it did for Paul Muni.

The whole trouble was that Hollywood tried to make a Lon Chaney out of him, knowing his skill with make-up and his mastery of the difficult art of submerging his personality into the parts he played. A highly intelligent individual, Muni sensed that the Chaney mold they tried to fit him into would prove unhappy. But he was a young actor with his first picture contract, and his was not to reason why—his but to do and die, cinematically speaking.

How did today's Paul Muni emerge from the ashes of Hollywood failure? It's as inspiring a tale as ever came out of the movie capital.

"It was back in the days when the talkies were coming

in," he told me, with the intense seriousness so characteristic of him. The sets were cluttered with strange equipment which only a few men understood. The picture he was doing was called *Seven Faces*. In the Chaney tradition, he was called on to play the parts of seven different characters, each of them utterly different—old men, eccentrics, freaks. This he did so successfully that

the picture was practically doomed, for he gave so much to the seven varied characters that Muni himself never emerged. As a stunt, it was a complete success; as a story, it was a box-office disappointment. And so Muni returned to the New York stage where he was an established favorite.

As he told me these facts his manner was grave but not condemnatory. You had to imagine the hurt he must have felt, for the theatre is everything to Paul Muni, his love of his profession the deepest reality of his life. He smiles but rarely. He is not a large man, scaling but 160 pounds, but his voice is rich and full, and his speech is easy with an actor's regard for precise shades of meaning. He hesitates briefly now and then, seeking the exact word which eludes him.

His temperament is nervous, responding to the distractions of slight sounds. He is gravely courteous, with a pleasing dignity never ruffled by a wisecrack or a practical joke. The boyish sweep of dark hair over his

brow, the deep steadiness of his brown eyes, the strongly chiseled lines of his face confirm the thought that here is a philosopher at home with Hamlet, but never with a Falstaff.

In the interlude that followed his first screen efforts Hollywood seemed to have forgotten him completely. But there were plenty of theatre engagements for Muni, and Hollywood was entirely out of his mind when there came an unexpected summons from a producer. A picture was being planned and Muni seemed the ideal man for the leading rôle. It was [Continued on page 64]



Paul Muni rated by critics as among the ten best actors in Hollywood

KETTI GALLIAN'S CONQUEST by KATHERINE HARTLEY

This delightful and beautiful French star of the cinema finds it best to laugh her way through life



IN ONE of the smallest, and certainly *the* most expensive, night clubs in Paris, sat the King of Siam, the Prince of Wales, a French Count, a German Baron, a famous sportsman, a woman couturière who designs the world's most elegant clothes, another woman who wears them, a Georgian prince, a world-famous flyer—and Ketti Gallian.

The latter three were sitting together at a small table in this dimly lighted *Casanova*, where champagne costs 600 francs, or about thirty dollars a bottle. They were very gay, very merry. They were having every bit as good a time as were the other distinguished patrons there—in spite of the fact that not one of them had even one little sou in his pocket! The young prince was temporarily embarrassed because his allowance for the month had not yet arrived from home. The flyer never had any money, anyway . . . he spent all of his on planes . . . and Ketti, well, Ketti wasn't working at the time. Her evening gown was in excellent taste, and very expensive looking, but her purse was empty. The prince's Dusen-berg was empty also. It was waiting outside with scarcely a gallon of gasoline in it.

When they had eaten and imbibed about all they could stand, they held a whispered consultation. "What'll we do? How'll we explain it? They can't ask a prince to wash dishes!"

"Oh, *can't* they?" said Ketti. "I'd hate to give them the opportunity. Gentlemen, there's only one thing to do." Ketti did it. She summoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of champagne.

Finally when they were at last in a mood not to care *what* happened, they called for the check, and the flyer calmly signed it. Ketti pulled her wrap around her and arose haughtily. The prince pulled on his white kid

gloves and reached for his cane. He led the young lady to the door, clicked his heels and bowed low as he stood aside to let her pass through it. The proprietor stood watching them from the corner. "Such dignity must be deserved," he thought. Besides, he had seen the Dusen-berg out front. He let them go.

Outside, Ketti whispered, "We're all right, if we can only get this crazy car around the corner, out of sight of the doorman."

"Yes, but when it stops there, what then?" asked the flyer.

"Why, then we get out and push," laughed Ketti merrily.

And that's exactly what they did do. Singing at the top of their lungs, a prince, a flyer, and Ketti Gallian pushed a Dusen-berg home through the quiet Paris streets.

That was before Ketti was signed to do a small part in a play, *The Ace*, in London. Up until this time, Ketti's entire theatrical experience had been very little. She had done extra work in a couple of French pictures. She had attended a dramatic conservatory where artists for the great national theatres of France are instructed and prepared. Also, she had understudied Davia, a leading Paris vedette, at the Theatre des Capucines, and on one occasion when Davia was stricken ill, Ketti had stepped into her part successfully.

But even then, Ketti was well known in Paris. A stunning girl, full of life and pep and gaiety, the young blades of the town flocked to [Continued on page 80]

TRAGEDY

LYDA ROBERTI

By JACK SMALLEY

THE SAGA of Lyda Roberti is written in blood and tears, yet she can make millions laugh.

That is the amazing thing about this blonde and blue-eyed Polish girl. Knowing only the stark misery of extreme poverty, reared against the flaming background of war and the brutal violence of revolutions in Russia, she was able to escape through laughter. From behind that dark veil emerged one of the foremost comédiennes of the screen.

She learned the secret of comedy from her father.

Roberti was a poor musician without a fiddle for his bow, so he made one from a tin can and became a clown. In the midst of despair, he set out to wring laughter from people who had forgotten how to smile.

"Laughter springs from tragedy," he told Lyda. "That is why I am a clown."

He would put on his grotesque wig that stuck out in three funny sprigs, and draw black crosses over the somber eyes in his chalked face, while she sat dangling her legs from the top of a battered trunk. Then he would gather his collection of funny, home made instruments and stroll out onto the pungent pine shavings of the circus ring to make music. His favorite was *I Pagliacci*, and he would bring forth that hauntingly sad melody from a battered oil can strung with catgut.

Then Lyda would scamper in and be hoisted onto the broad, flat back of a dappled gray to do a simple little bareback stunt. She learned to walk a tight-rope and add color to the act with costumes her mother made.

These happy moments of her life in circuses, as her father, mother, sisters and brothers wandered through Poland, Russia, Siberia, China, Japan and Egypt, like bits of confetti blown by the wind, are the memories she tries to keep; the others, of bloodshed and brutish slaughter, of flames and death and heaps of bodies, she tries to shut out.

"I have never talked about my life," she says in her blurred English, "because so much of it is filled with bitterness. It makes my throat ache, and then I cry—when I should be clowning."

"Always, it seems, there were people trying to kill each other, everywhere I would go. I have heard bullets go by my head—sssss—and seen people die. The circus is burned, and I escape. A bridge blows up. Yet always we are lucky."

Perhaps it was because God wanted to keep laughter alive in a world filled with sorrow.

Those were terrible years. Lyda Roberti lived through one of the blackest periods in modern history, for Russia during the revolutions slipped back into the dark ages. Lyda was born in Warsaw, Poland, the 20th of

You wouldn't know, to look at Lyda, the hardships she has gone through. She has tasted the full measure of life's bitterness



TAUGHT *To SMILE*

If you laugh
at the antics of this
cute little star it is be-
cause blood and tears have
made that infectious
smile a permanent
facial fixture



May, 1909. Her father was German, her mother a Pole.

ROBERTI was clever; he could make a funny looking musical instrument out of anything. A horn from a piece of pipe, a drum from a cheese box. But mostly he liked to rig up comical stringed instruments, and make people laugh even while they wept over sad songs.

When the World War came, Lyda was going on six and the circus had long since gotten into her blood. A circus over there was like our burlesque wheel, traveling from theatre to theatre and playing under canvas only in small towns. But the war changed everything.

Very few people know the horrors of the Eastern front—it is of the Western front where the Yanks fought that everyone talks about.

Poland belonged then to Russia, and its people were forced to fight for the Czar against Germany. Lyda's father had relatives in Germany fighting against the relatives of Lyda's mother in Poland. Warsaw was filled with bearded troops hastily mobilized. There was no room on the few railway lines for traveling circuses. The Roberti's, on the other hand, could not remain in Warsaw, only a few hundred miles from Berlin and in the path of the German offensive.

They packed their comedy props and started to work their way out of the war area.

"It seemed to us that we must always be in the midst of shooting," Lyda related. "When I was only three we were in traveling with a circus in the Balkans, and they would carry their fights right into the theatre. Czecks were trying to kill Turks, and Bulgars shot at Serbians.

"One night I never forget, though I am very small. There was a little Polish girl, only fourteen, riding bare-back in the ring when a fight started in the circus. The

It's hard to beat the smile on Lyda Roberti's lips—but it is a smile born amid the whizzing of bullets and the groans of dying men and women

crowd jumped up and tried to get out. A Turk ran up to us and grabbed father by the knees. 'Don't let them shoot me!' he yelled.

"My father had lost his red wig. He grabbed me up and ran. They shot the Turk as he followed us. And that poor little Polish girl on the horse—she jumped off and fell to the ground. Everybody was scared and they trampled on her as they tried to get out. Afterwards my brothers and father picked her up. She was dead.

"It is that way wherever we go, always death.

"When the World War came, we could not leave Russia, and there was very little money. Railroads were clogged. We tried to go toward Siberia, away from the front, and at last we found work in a hippodrome.

"Only a few rubles we had, and those we kept sewed in father's vest. We moved all we had into the theater and left our little room. The night mother was packing the last box, neighbors began to shout in the street. She went out and saw red lights in the sky, like a big mushroom. They said the hippodrome was on fire.

"She knew father and her children were there, maybe dead.

"We were getting ready for our performance when it started. My sister, a very beautiful girl who spoke so slow we joked her about it, [Continued on page 66]



There's plenty of drama and comedy in *David Copperfield*, as you can imagine from this scene with Frank Lawton and W. C. Fields



Love over the engine of a racing automobile. Mary Astor listens to the sweet words of Lyle Talbot, unaware of tragedy to follow



Some explaining, with Roscoe Karns trying to right things with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant. Karns seems to have trouble on his hands

These

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M

The Famous Novel Comes to Life

ONE of literature's grandest offerings comes to life in this marvelous screen portrayal of Charles Dickens' most beloved novel. All the characters you became acquainted with in your explorations into bookland parade before you in a manner that will appease your most fanciful dreams.

There are so many stars and so many excellent performances in *David Copperfield* that one hardly knows where to start, but it is safe to say that to Freddie Bartholomew, the lad who portrays David, the boy, go outstanding honors because it is his initial theatrical appearance. His work is superb.

W. C. Fields, as Mr. Micawber, actually brings to life that long talked about figure of fiction. No matter how you pictured Mr. Micawber in your own mind, W. C. Fields fills the bill. Frank Lawton, taking up the part of David, the man, is an admirable successor to little Freddie. Lionel Barrymore is only briefly present, but you will not soon forget his performance. And that comment goes, also, for the work of Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young, Madge Evans, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lewis Stone and almost a score of other players.

Nothing of the original Dickens charm has been lost in moving the story from the book to the screen. You can't afford to pass up your chance to see *David Copperfield*.

RED-HOT TIRES—WARNER

Melodrama at a Race Track

HERE'S an old plot, tossed into a modern mixer and served as a film cocktail. You'll like the taste, but notice something familiar as it passes your lips. Lyle Talbot is cast as an automobile racer unjustly accused of killing a rival speed demon. He is sent to prison for twenty years. Mary Astor is the girl who never forgets and she manages to get him out on parole just in time to save the family name and fortune by permitting Lyle to win the race. Talbot's name is cleared and all ends well. There is a thrilling airplane race to get Talbot to the speedway in time for the race.

WINGS IN THE DARK—PARAMOUNT

Aviation Pleasantly Romanced

TAKING off very smoothly down a short runway, the plot of *Wings in the Dark* steers an interesting and exciting course and finally winds up with a graceful landing. Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Herbert Cavanaugh and Roscoe Karns give perfectly grand performances. Cary plays the part of an aviator blinded in an explosion just as he is about to make the great flight to Europe. Myrna is the lady stunt-flyer who buys his stories

REVIEWS OF THE

Movies

of dubious value with her dangerously earned money, all the while telling him that the coin is coming from eager editors. The scene that will make your hands clench and take the slump out of your back is the one where the blinded pilot flies through the fog to rescue Myrna, who is lost.

BORDERTOWN—WARNER

Muni and Davis at Their Best

"POWER" is the word that one is tempted to ditto mark until it totals a good round dozen when referring to Paul Muni's characterization of the young Mexican law student who turns gambler in *Bordertown*. Here is a picture that thrills and a cast of players who do much better than "their best."

Bette Davis is seen as the wife of Eugene Pallette, a racketeer associated with Muni. Bette loves Muni, so she does away with her undesirable husband, only to find that Muni has transferred his affections to Margaret Lindsay. Bette's confession of the murder causes a pretty mess—but we won't satisfy your curiosity and reveal the ending. Bette proves that her splendid acting in *Of Human Bondage* was only a sample of what she could do when given the right rôle.

SOCIETY DOCTOR—M-G-M

A Hospital Film with a Punch

METRO proves that hospital stories can be uniquely done and punctuated with thrills.

Virginia Bruce, who is proudly proclaimed the coming star on the Metro lot, does much to prove her right to that place of distinction with her portrayal of the nurse who is loved by two interns, Chester Morris and a pleasing new chap, Robert Taylor. Morris, condemned for his lack of professional ethics, accepts the favors of Billie Burke and Virginia turns against him, but there is a happy finish.

UNDER PRESSURE—FOX

A McLaglen-Lowe Feud

HERE is a picture that might have really deserved those hard-worked adjectives "colossal" and "stupendous."

The subject is entirely new and food for a good pen—the men who risk death in the air-protected tunnels beneath our rivers. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen steer the comedy and drama as laborers on a tunnel crew. Charles Bickford is the villainous boss of a rival crew and the source of trouble. Marjorie Rambeau is not cast to advantage as McLaglen's woman, but Florence Rice does very nicely as the big pitapat in Lowe's life.



Paul Muni, in this scene from *Bordertown*, learns about feminine charm from Bette Davis, who happens to be the wife of Paul's partner



Chester Morris puts plenty of punch and romance into his role as the *Society Doctor*. He is very ably supported by a well-known cast



At it again! Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as "sand hogs" helping to build a subway. Between them is Marjorie Rambeau

CURRENT PICTURES



Oh, for the life of a soldier gay! George Arliss, as the gallant Duke of Wellington, has his lighter moments in company of a gay and pretty young lady



Douglas Montgomery and Valerie Hobson supply plenty of love interest in Universal's production of Dickens' thriller, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*



A conference between the Governor of India (Montague Love) and Colonel Clive (Ronald Colman). There are many tense scenes in *Clive of India*

These Movies

THE IRON DUKE—GAUMONT-BRITISH

Interesting Historical Drama

THERE are times when it seems that headlines should not be reserved for stars alone. The work of Cameraman Courant in this film is worthy of a great deal of electric light splashing, for his photography is so realistic and perfect in detail that it tells the story more eloquently than some of the characters.

George Arliss gives another one of his masterly character portrayals in a film that takes full advantage of its period setting. As the Duke of Wellington, he battles Napoleon, but, better still, is his battle of wits with the duchess of the House of Bourbon, a rôle capably handled by Gladys Cooper. Despite a few spots in the picture that drag heavily, *The Iron Duke* is well worth seeing.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD —UNIVERSAL

A Charles Dickens Thriller

DICKENS seems to have caught the public fancy to such an extent that now some of his weird and gruesome tales are being transferred to the screen. This story of horror will make your teeth chatter, so, if you're looking for real excitement, don't miss it.

That capable portrayer of the weird, Claude Rains, is seen as the villainous choirmaster who murders his own nephew in a fit of jealousy. A cast of unusual ability aids Mr. Rains. Douglas Montgomery, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel and David Manners are among those most prominent in the picture.

CLIVE OF INDIA—20TH CENTURY

The Life of India's Conqueror

HERE is a spectacular picture, a great love story. Ronald Colman is perfectly cast as Robert Clive, the dashing and daring young clerk who conquers India through his military genius and becomes England's "man of the hour." Loretta Young, as the wife who aided him in his dangerous campaign, was never better cast.

The best scene is that in which Colman and Miss Young await the decision of the council as to whether honor and fortune are to be swept away. Other high lights are Colman's speech in the House of Commons and the charge of armoured elephants during battle.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—ALEX. KORDA

France under Robespierre

THIS is a picture that booksy people will love and thrill-seekers will find bloody enough to appease their probable distaste for the sophisticated elegance of a Leslie Howard.

The plot is laid in the abundantly blood-stained reign of Robespierre, when French aristocracy bent their heads at the guillotine. Leslie Howard, as the daring and cunning savior of French royalty, sweeps smoothly from comedy into drama. At one moment, when he would hide his identity in the character of a fop, his pompous asinities are glittering in their brilliance, and again, in

These Movies

the serious mood of leader, he shows his ability to portray power as well as delicacy.

Merle Oberon, who plays the traitor wife, is a pretty and unusual type, but disappointing to one who has listened to the superlatives so carelessly used in her behalf in advance publicity. The cast is an excellent one and includes Joan Gardner, O. B. Clarence, Raymond Massey, Walter Rilla, Anthony Bushell, Ernest Milton, John Turnbull and others. The costumes and settings are noteworthy. In all, a picture that belongs on the not-to-be-missed list.

BABOONA—FOX

A Martin Johnson Thriller

MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, who in their years of experience with animals in jungles and on open veldts have brought many thrillers to the screen, bring this time a novel film with an interesting mixture of pathos, humor and horror.

With planes equipped to land on water or land, they have succeeded in obtaining some most unusual shots—swooping down on stampeding herds of wild animals, floating over animal-infested waters and ensconced in their plane on the ground, they film animals gathered around them. Truly brilliant photography.

A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—UNIVERSAL

Entertaining Murder Film

ARE you a murderer at heart? Have you escaped being catalogued as such merely because there has never been a sufficient incentive to induce you to commit the crime?

This is the theory on which *A Notorious Gentleman* is based. Charles Bickford is the attorney and murderer who attempts to bluff his way out of suspicion and is trapped by the district attorney, Onslow Stevens. This strange story is handled in a manner which makes it believable. Stevens steals the picture with a brilliant performance as the prosecutor. Helen Vinson, who is the love interest, handles her part well, but Bickford's acting is a bit disappointing and unconvincing.

VANESSA—M-G-M

Hayes and Montgomery at their Best

HERE is a picture that will call forth lusty cheers from even the most cynical critics. Sadness shrouds many of its scenes, but you can manage a smile now and then along with your tears. It is a powerful piece, powerfully handled. Helen Hayes will warm your heart with her supremely sensitive portrayal of the girl deprived of her happiness by a Victorian family of rigid principles. Robert Montgomery as a gentleman of slightly shady reputation and the object of Miss Hayes affection, shows a heretofore unknown ability for truly fine acting. Otto Kruger, as the husband of her family's choice, demonstrates again his unusual talents. Members of the supporting cast do great work, especially Lewis Stone, May Robson, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Belmore. A picture not to be put aside even though your calendar is full.



Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard in the exciting picture sent here from England, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. It is the kind of picture you will not soon forget



Mrs. Martin Johnson gives a dusky son of Africa a few lessons in modern American baking methods in this scene from the latest jungle thriller, *Baboona*



The relentless prosecutor (Onslow Stevens) confronts the ruthless murderer (Charles Bickford) with his charges in this scene from *A Notorious Gentleman*



Charles Laughton has leaped to fame on the most extraordinary stepping-stones in theatrical history



Here's Laughton all dressed up and studying for his part as the butler in *Ruggles of Red Gap*

Charles

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

WHEN he first came to Hollywood, acting a quiet part in a quiet little tragedy I was the only fan who followed Charles Laughton around.

Nobody stopped him for autographs, no one crowded to shake his hand and tell him how wonderful he was, and the studio had no demands for photographs of him. But I often left my luncheon unfinished when, from an adjoining table, I saw Charles Laughton pull his napkin from under his chin and go back to work.

Then I would creep, by Mr. Laughton's permission, into a dark corner of the *Payment Deferred* set and watch fascinated as he played a scene over and over, his voice low-pitched, his gestures sparing, but full of significance. It was not what he did or what he said which made the simple scene so enthralling, but an inner something which emanated from the man himself—some secret power which a hundred other famous actors, more showy, more eloquent and certainly more handsome than Laughton, lacked.

Since the release of *Payment Deferred* which made only a comparatively slight ripple in the sea of success, Charles has leaped to the very heights of screen fame on a series of the most extraordinary stepping-stones known in the history of acting.

The first rôle that set all Hollywood talking of him was one in which he spoke only two lines and gave a Bronx cheer which echoed around the world. I refer of course to his immortal raspberry, as presented to his

"boss" in *If I Had a Million*. There are some who dispute as to who, out of that wonderful cast, stole the picture, but the Laughton adherents are probably in the majority. At any rate it is certain that this extraordinary bit put Laughton before the producers in a big way and made them realize that he might "hold something." His long and distinguished theatrical career in London was just one of those things, so far as the Cinema City was concerned, for screen-credits are the only ones which really interest the front office of any studio.

But I had seen Laughton in London and I knew that here was probably the greatest actor of our times. I went around shouting this to Hollywood at large, which did no good except to my own vanity when at last, after the failure of *The Island of Lost Souls*, and the personal triumphs of *The Devil and the Deep*, a character out of history suddenly stepped into vivid life and knocked the entire industry breathless. I refer, of course, to Laughton's impersonation of Henry VIII. Hollywood did not make this glorious picture, but it was jolted into a consciousness of what Laughton could do.

Furthermore, it made the industry realize that Laughton had taken a grip on the imagination and affections of the picture-going public which was no mere flash in the pan, but a vital, genuine thing based on—well, on what?

WHAT FORCE HAS DRIVEN THIS MAN TO HEIGHTS



The rôle with which Charles Laughton will always be associated, that of haughty King Henry VIII

Laughton's SECRET

On what, is Laughton's secret. I know what it is and I am going to tell it to you, but first I want you to realize, with me, that Charles Laughton broke every stereotyped rule of the motion picture game, every precedent of picture-making and violated all the edicts of picture society in order to make his success.

NUMBER one rule, he was no Romeo, and he developed no "line" with which to hook his public. Yet he has attained a firmer hold on his public than any beautiful young screen hero going.

He "yessed" nobody and played up to no powers. He never "partied" with any group in order, through social contacts, to achieve studio contracts. This is what I meant when I said he violated the society game as played all too often by picture-climbers.

His name was comparatively unknown to the American public, so he did not climb aboard the band wagon on the strength of that.

In short, none of the routes so often used in screen successes were his. The only person on the screen today to whom I can possibly compare Laughton, either in regard to the type of hold they have on their public or the quality of their success, is Katharine Hepburn. In both cases, their success was based on a very simple thing. Sheer merit. And the recognition of it which



An informal picture of Laughton and his talented and charming English-actress wife, Elsa Lanchester

proves that the public is far less of a fool than it is credited with being.

All right then, if Laughton used none of the ordinary tricks and was equipped with little of the unusual physical charms which lead to success on the screen, what did he use?

Charles Laughton used his faith.

I don't mean that Charles involved any particular church or strictly speaking, any religious formula in the building of his career, but I do mean that never, from the beginning of his work as an actor, has the man cut himself off from a deep consciousness of the inner spark which created his mind and of which his intelligence is a part. He is as direct and honest a man as ever lived, and what is more, he's *direct and honest with himself*.

Before he undertakes any rôle, he sits back quietly and allows his mind to open, deliberately and completely, to what intelligence tells him is the real personality of the character he is to portray. Never once does he try to make this decision for himself, nor does he allow himself to be influenced by his personal tastes. Art is always impersonal in its essence, and Laughton not only recognizes himself as a mere instrument for expression, but he has earnestly cultivated the capacity which is in all of us, for allowing truth and beauty which is truth, to take possession of him. He never tries to fool himself, because that would be to destroy himself.

And he is a truly great por- [Continued on page 63]

OF STARDOM? A FAMOUS WRITER TELLS YOU

How Hollywood

You've heard a lot about those social affairs in the Cinema City—here is an authentic description of what they are actually like

By GERTRUDE HILL

A HUNDRED canary birds are singing their little heads off; a phonograph is pulsing with intoxicating tangos; and dozens of dark-eyed men who are too, too utterly handsome are saying perfectly lovely things to gorgeous dark-eyed girls. Ramón Navarro is giving a party at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samaniego. Cousins from all over Mexico are there, and most of Los Angeles' Mexican colony. You and I are about the only Americans present, and are we thrilled! Well, I am, at any rate.

A buffet supper is arranged on the long dining-room table, which is covered with a handmade cloth of cream filet lace which Ramón brought over from Italy. The china, or rather, the pottery, is Italian too. The heavy plates and thick-handled cups are ivory colored, with brilliant borders of raised flowers and fruits. For sheer decoration, two vivid pottery parrots guard each end of the table with extremely superior attitudes.

The many platters are filled with delicate, fancy foods—sliced breast of capon, salads of lobster, crab, and shrimp, hot dishes of creamed mushrooms, cold cuts, and little anchovies curled about giant Spanish olives. Crisp celery stalks are heavy with rich, spicy cream cheeses and all sorts of preserves and pickles add to your appetite. The desserts are particularly elegant. Spun-sugar baskets in artistic shades of rose, green, and gold, laden with a frothy ice, boast fluffy bows of tulle ribbon on their handles. The parrots regard these as mere foolishment, and apparently think little more of the huge fresh strawberries which are wearing overcoats of vanilla fondant, with only their green stems and a tiny leaf or two sticking out. A very sumptuous affair, we think, but the other guests sample this and nibble that and remain unimpressed. After the supper is over, we trail a few of the family's intimates to the kitchen, and there we discover them laying away great pans full of Spanish rice, frijoles (pink Mexican beans), and chili, which they have promoted from the pretty little *moza*, or housemaid. She is very gala in her full skirt of black satin with the wide band of embroidered red roses around the hem. We leave the party still wondering

whether we missed the best of the refreshments or if we have merely witnessed an old Spanish custom in action.

In sharpest contrast to all this Latin grandeur is the charming simplicity of Herbert Marshall's tea arrangements. It is just five o'clock, so let's tap on his dressing-room door and see what happens. Marshall himself, looking very substantial in grey tweeds with tasteful touches of blue in his Sox, shirt, and cravat, welcomes us into the little sitting room. After plumping cushions at our backs, and passing cigarettes, he tells his man to order tea, or would we prefer cocktails?

We choose the former, and the valet gets in touch with Marshall's chauffeur, who gets in touch with the commissary, which delivers the tea tray to the chauffeur, who gives it to the valet, who places it on a small table beside our host. By this time we are convinced that Marshall is a member in good standing of the NRA, and that our tea has given employment to the largest number of people possible.

It comes in the conventional restaurant type of dishes, Brown Betty teapot, solid white cups and saucers, and ordinary little cream jugs. A plate of small sweet cakes accompanies it. The occasion is made regal by the deft attentions of Marshall's man,



This is the romantic interior of the famous Cocoanut Grove, where many of Hollywood's stars frolic

Stages *its* Parties



Director Eddie Sutherland and beautiful Gail Patrick forget formality amid the picturesque surroundings of the *Mississippi* set

who passes sugar and offers lemon very beautifully and with exceeding solemnity. Have you ever noticed how sad butlers and valets and waiters are? Chauffeurs, on the contrary, have a perpetual, expectant gleam in their eyes. I don't know why, but there it is.

Speaking of tea in dressing rooms, Carole Lombard has made a charming gesture toward glamour. She recently had her quarters redecorated in powder blue and cream. To match her new color scheme, she

Margaret Sullavan presides over this sumptuous offering of food for a buffet supper in honor of her new husband, William Wyler



ordered a special set of Haviland china, cream with a blue border, expressly for entertaining at the studio.

OF ALL the tea services I have seen in Hollywood, that of Mrs. Jean Hersholt is the daintiest. She usually serves tea upstairs in the library, and while you go into awed raptures over the splendid fourth folio of Shakespeare, and Jean's centuries-old illuminated parchment manuscripts, I am breaking my heart over the sweetest little dishes this side of heaven. They are all scaled down a bit from regulation size. The cups hold only about half as [Continued on page 81]

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt are among the most interesting and frequent of Hollywood party hosts



TULLIO CARMINATI

—*New Heart* RAVE

He made love to actresses in all the languages of Europe—but a single picture made him the idol of women throughout the world

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Tullio Carminati . . . his father disowned him when he became an actor

OUTSIDE a London broadcasting station, a crowd of women waited patiently in the raw November fog . . . brawny Cockneys, shopgirls, stenographers, and society matrons from the West End. Their eyes, glued to the door, all held the same hungry glitter, like a pack of animals waiting for their prey . . .

From the door stepped a stalwart and elegant figure, grey top hatted, afternoon coated, caned and gloved. A murmur went up from the waiting women, swelled to a growl—

"It's the Italian!" "It's Carminati!" "It's that adorable *Monteverdi* himself!" "Please, Mr. Carminati, your signature—"

Tullio Carminati shudders, as he speaks of it, in the tone of one recalling a frightful danger from which he has barely escaped. "This is happening to me for the first time in my life! I have acted everywhere on the stage—I have made love in all languages to the most charming actresses of Italy, France, Germany, England, but never before *One Night of Love* have the ladies showed their admiration for my art by wishing to tear me to pieces! I am not a young matinee idol. I am facing forty. One would suppose that a trifle old to appeal to women romantically, but they pressed upon me from every side. I was drowning in perfume. They laid hands upon me and tore off my coat buttons. It was touching, but it was also frightening. Suddenly, I saw two big English Bobbies, and I called to them, 'Help me! Help!' Their four enormous arms held back the women so that I could breathe.

For forty-five minutes I had to write my name. It was the least that I could do for them."

Tullio Carminati is not a newcomer to the screen. He had strolled with his suave manner and old world charm through many pictures, silent and talkies, before he stood in the prompter's box in *One Night of Love* and looked his love for the singer with such sensitive and quivering sympathy that a world of love hungry, dissatisfied, unnoticed women felt suddenly that he was looking straight at them. As in the case of many another actor before him, the women will make Tullio Carminati's fortune.

"Since I am fifteen I have been earning a living by acting," he says, "sometimes a very good living, indeed, but now—it is so unexpected that I am still a little strange in the head. In London I have received five splendid offers—pictures, musical shows, the stage. I did not accept any of them. What, would you? It was vacation for me. Money is not everything. It is perhaps almost everything, but I must live also. I must have time for my friends, for travel, to hear music, to live like a civilized man. So I say, 'Thank you, but not now,' and come back to New York.

"There it is the same thing. My agent calls me up with three offers of long term contracts from Hollywood. Shall I sign away my life for seven years? Never! So I say, 'No,—one picture perhaps, but that is all, and only that one picture if my friend, Victor Schertzinger, directs it.' So that is on a Thursday. On Friday my agent is on the telephone, and says 'Tullio, the studio says okay if you will sign the contract this afternoon and take the aeroplane to fly to Hollywood tomorrow.' And I say, 'My friend, for nothing or nobody I will fly.' So then, it is Saturday, and my agent telephones me late in afternoon, and says, 'Tullio, they have decided to let you come by train, so you will start tomorrow,' and I say very politely, 'I am sorry but I do not travel on Sunday. There are things to be done. [Continued on page 60]



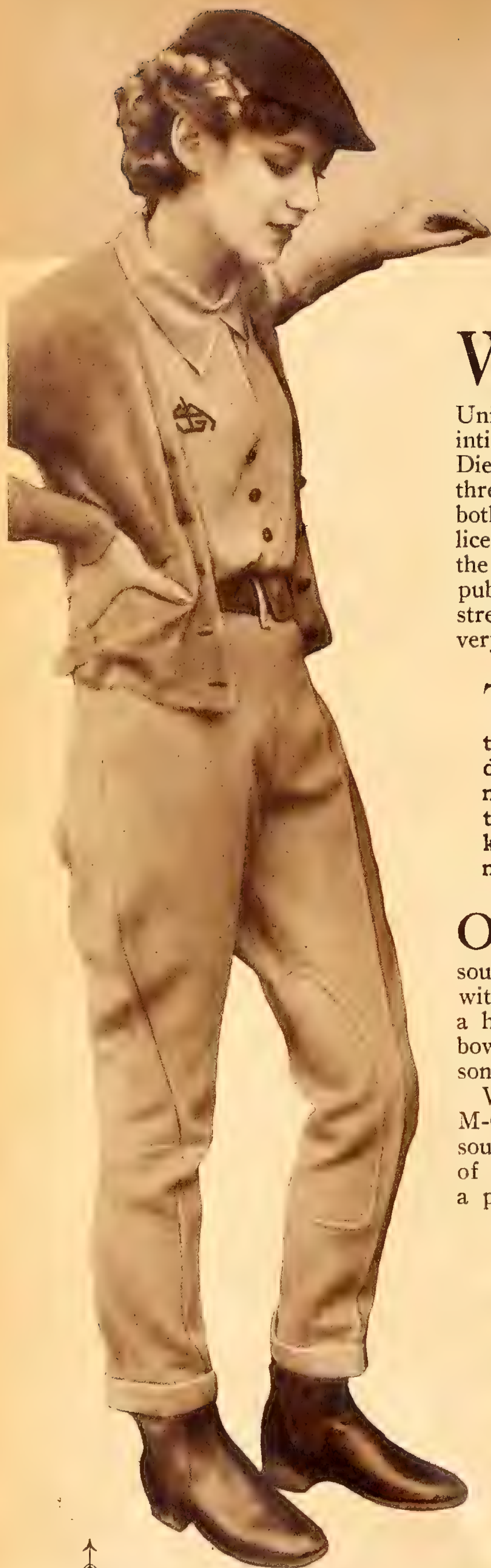
Lovers!

But only on the screen, of course. Clark Gable and Constance Bennett keep the love interest sustained in such scenes as the one (above) from the new M-G-M picture, "After Office Hours". And we'll wager that Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce (below) will give your pulse a romantic beat when you view them in "Society Doctor", a picture which promises to elevate both players to the heights of romantic stardom



A straight

Intimate News Notes



Little Anne Shirley is correctly attired when she attends the Santa Anita races near Hollywood

Francis Lederer is paying quite a bit of attention to Mary Loos, actress and niece of Anita Loos, writer. Hollywood would not be surprised to hear of an elopement

WHEN WILL gangland learn that Hollywood is one of the best policed towns in the United States and therefore not to be intimidated? Last month, Marlene Dietrich and Colleen Moore received threats from mysterious callers and both ladies promptly informed the police. By fighting such threats with the weapon hoodlums most fear—publicity—Hollywood folk show strength and courage—and find their very best defense.

THE first star since Bebe Daniels to draw a jail sentence, Francis Lederer got five days for speeding at seventy miles an hour. Franc appealed the case despite our offer to keep him supplied in jail with magazines and fruit.

OVER at M-G-M, the studio cafe makes a specialty of chicken soup. And what chicken soup it is with pieces of white meat as large as a half dollar floating around in the bowl. It is as much as any one person can eat for luncheon.

We have just learned why the M-G-M cafe specializes in chicken soup. It seems that Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was once a poor boy. His favorite dish was

chicken soup, a luxury his family could seldom afford. He made a boyhood vow that someday—someday when he was rich—he would have it every day.

ANOTHER item we just learned concerns the origin of those blonde chases in which Harpo Marx always indulges. It has become almost a trade-mark of the mad Marx pictures that Harpo chases a blonde through some scene.

Well, in their first film, somebody told the Marx Brothers that all they needed in the script was a "running gag." Harpo pretended to misunderstand.

GEORGE RAFT can hardly get near the mirror on his own dressing room table these days. In fact, seldom can he find enough makeup. You see, his companion of many years, familiarly known as "Killer" Grey, and his new valet, that amazing colored boy, Alex, are now both in pictures too. All three use the same dressing room, namely, George's. Raft says he doesn't care, for if either or both of the other boys make good, he can retire and live on their earnings.



from Hollywood

from the Cinema Capital

BECKY SHARPE will see the début of Frances Dee's young sister, Margaret. The directors happened to see Margaret one day when she dropped in to visit her sister on the set, and wouldn't take "no" for an answer. So Margaret is in the movies.

CREDIT the boys at Warner Brothers with creating something that might well become a national institution. A child's ballet was filmed for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. All the children, of course, were accompanied to the studio by their mothers.

Warners established a recreation room, with the latest magazines, comfortable chairs and bridge tables. All of the mothers were confined to this "nursery" while the children performed.

TWO state income tax bills are currently before the California legislature. If either of them passes, Hollywood will be hit pretty hard. Stars now pay the government of the United States taxes ranging up to 50% of their income, and now here comes California.

One measure provides the taxing of incomes from 3% to 21%. The other is considerably lighter, providing for taxation from 1% to 5%.

ECHOES of the Alabama-Stanford Rose Bowl game are still being heard in Hollywood. Dinner table conversations still recall how Johnny Mack Brown gave twelve points on his Alabama Alma Mater, and wasn't at all worried even when Stanford led by seven points in the first quarter. Johnny Mack won many thousands of dollars on the contest, while Bing Crosby was the heaviest Hollywood loser.

Crosby's enthusiasm for Stanford led him to announce on his radio program that he was covering all bets. Citizens of Tuscaloosa, the Alabama University town, raised a pool and wired Bing their bet.

PAT O'BRIEN and Joel McCrea, both buy hats, dresses and even shoes for their wives.

IT IS just such accidents as this that cause visitors to Hollywood to believe that this is a wild, wild town. Going to work the other morning Ricardo Cortez discovered his

Gene Raymond enjoys a visit from his mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling, and his brother, Robert Marlow. They came from Long Island and this picture of the happy trio was snapped at the Santa Anita races



Movie Classic's cameraman snapped Carl Brisson as he rested between scenes on the set of *All The King's Horses*

Movie Classic rushes you the



Mary Brian and Dick Powell are almost constant companions. Here we find them at the Trocadero club



Una Merkel was carving her name on this huge piece of wood when MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman happened along



automobile battery to be dead. Consequently, he borrowed his valet's ancient Ford and started out for the studio. Ric always dresses and makes-up at home, and therefore, his costume as he drove through the streets at an early morning hour was a full dress suit.

Ric had gone only a few blocks when the radiator cap of the car blew off. Leaving his motor running, the actor retrieved the cap. Then turning around again, he was dismayed to see the car running down the hill by itself. There ensued a wild chase for several blocks. And we can well imagine the scene caused innocent bystanders to believe the worst.

RICHARD DIX and his wife, the former Virginia Webster, are expecting a "little stranger."

INTERNAL dissension threatens to bring to an end the organization of Hollywood's publicity men, familiarly known as the Wampas. Studio publicity heads have recently been meeting with the idea of forming another association.

One of the points in dispute is the annual selection of Wampas Baby Stars. In choosing unknowns last year, the Wampas made their worst guesses to date. It is thought that the current Baby Stars will be the last selected by the publicity men.

TO BAYARD VEILLER goes the honor of making Hollywood's most often repeated *bon mot* of the month. The playwright answered some fellow who didn't like the dialogue of one of his new pictures, by saying, "You have the average uneducated man's hatred of short words."

WILHELM DIETERLE, who is directing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with one of the largest casts of actors in Hollywood history, is having a great deal of difficulty keeping the players from wandering. The other day he was heard to remark, "What the movies need are actor dogs."

Someone, thinking this another insult to the much maligned actor, asked an explanation. "What I mean," said Dieterle, "is an actor dog who is trained to nip the heels of actors who try to leave the set. You know, like a sheep dog herds sheep."

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller are going places these days with other escorts. The girl who is seen quite frequently with Johnny is Ann Macy, of the Macy department store millions, while Lupe plays the field.

What makes Hollywood think this split up may be serious is that the quarrel between Lupe and Johnny was staged very quietly. When they're just quarreling for fun, this pair do it quite publicly.

CAROLE LOMBARD, accompanied by her boon companion, "Fieldsy," got away on that European trip about which they have been talking so long. They are going to Europe for the best reason you have heard—"just to get a lot of laughs." Before she left, Carole bet Robert Riskin a thousand dollars that she would beat him to Paris. There is no question but what she will win her bet, for no sooner was she out of town that Riskin drew a writing assignment for another Frank Capra picture at Columbia. While Carole is gone, William Powell is keeping her dogs.

SPEAKING of Bill Powell, reminds us that his proposal to start a "dull book" library has certainly caught on. Last month, we invited all of you to send Bill any dull books you might have on hand, and the answers have come pouring in. Moreover, all of Bill's friends in Hollywood



Maureen O'Sullivan presents this silver gift at a tea honoring British Counsel Wentworth Guernsey. Left to right are Ronald Colman, Mr. Guernsey, Mrs. Guernsey, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Evelyn Laye, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Maureen's fiance

latest news of Hollywood happenings

have entered into the spirit of the fun with the result that he will have the largest collection of dull books in existence before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CHARLES LAUGHTON, noted for his biting barbed wit, has little use for critics, holding that anyone who sees as many motion pictures as the average critic is required to see, has no right to judge entertainment values. The critics, according to Laughton, all suffer from jaded appetites.

When last in London, the outspoken Charles impaled a newspaperman, who had seen fit to criticize an actress for her lack of beauty, with this remark, "You are not a mirror of opinion, but merely a reflection of your own short-comings."

FOLLOWING the death of her beloved father, Jack West, Mae West was offered a two week layoff by Paramount. Mae refused the offer, saying that while she appreciated the thoughtful gesture, she would prefer not to throw out of work all of the people concerned in her new production, *Now I'm a Lady*.

WHEN you see *David Copperfield* on the screen, you will doubtless agree that one of the outstanding scenes is the prayer of little Freddie Bartholomew. It is so beautifully done it doesn't seem like acting at all. And perhaps it wasn't.

We hear that just before the preview, Freddie's mother found the boy on his knees in the bedroom offering a real-life supplication. He prayed that the public would like *David Copperfield*.

WALT DISNEY has finally made up his mind. For a long time he has been contemplating making the Mickey Mouse cartoons in the same color process he uses for Silly Symphonies. This meant adding another building to the Disney studio, which was recently completed. So, from now on, Mickey Mouse will cavort in full colors as befits

his station as Public Favorite No. 1.

LORETTA YOUNG celebrated her birthday last month. The years are finally catching up with Loretta, and she's now an old lady of *twenty-two*.

RUDY VALLEE will hereafter divide his time between radio and pictures. His hit in *Sweet Music* caused Warner Brothers to sign him to a new long term contract.

IN QUIET good taste, Mary Pickford obtained her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks. The proceedings were conducted with impressive simplicity, absolutely devoid of any touch of sensationalism. Six questions were asked Mary, and six times she answered, "Yes." And the decree was granted.

DARRYL ZANUCK will bring to the screen one of the most colorful living figures of the West. Negotiations were completed with Death Valley Scotty to film his life story. This is one of the few times a living character has been depicted in celluloid. But odder still is the refusal of Scotty to accept payment for his life story rights. And there's gold in these thar movies, too.

LILY DAMITA is back in Hollywood after a long sojourn in Europe. She has been deluged with picture offers, so you will be seeing her soon.

FRED KEATING calls his home in the hills *The Casa Escrow*.



Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou (Verree Teasdale) pose with the Great Dane, Simba



Jack Osterman, left, visits his wife, Mary Daley, on the *Devil Dogs of the Air* set and meets James Cagney



Jeanette MacDonald, with the aid of Sid Grauman and Maurice Chevalier, places her handprints in cement to be placed in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood boulevard

THE EVOLUTION

Following the Screen Career of



1926 Here's Janet as she appeared in her first Fox picture, "The Johnstown Flood". It made her a star overnight

When this picture was taken, Janet hardly suspected what the future held for her, for she was just a little school girl

48

→ **1927** The picture by which Miss Gaynor will always be remembered is "Seventh Heaven", in which she appeared with Charles Farrell



1929 Hotchal Miss Gaynor doesn't play these rôles any more. Here you see her as she appeared in "Sunnyside Up"

OF A STAR

Beautiful Little Janet Gaynor



1931 In "Daddy Long Legs", Janet Gaynor earned the love of millions of fans. Possibly YOU will recall this rôle

→ **1934** Janet brought 1934 to a fine climax with her splendid work in "Servants' Entrance". This is how you saw her



← **1935** And this is Janet Gaynor of today, as you will soon see her in the Fox picture, "One More Spring"



← **1932** In this year Janet Gaynor found happiness in Hawaii. When she returned she brought this outfit

FAVORITES IN A MOVIE STAR'S WARDROBE

Ann Dvorak, popular Warner Brothers star, gives MOVIE CLASSIC readers a preview of the latest styles

For daytime wear, Ann believes this stream-lined dress is most becoming. Heavy corded silk forms gauntlet under-sleeves and single flaring rever



Orry-Kelly designed this blue and white crêpe frock which Miss Dvorak wears in *Sweet Music*, her latest picture. The skirt is straight lined, topped with a pique trimmed jacket



Ann likes this youthful robe de style in oyster white. Lyons velvet forms the body of the dress and corded Alençon lace makes the puffed sleeves and low cut back



This is a delightful spring frock of apple green crêpe, trimmed with a slashed bib and flaring cuffs of cut-out embroidery

"LESSONS IN LOVELINESS"

(Continued)



Women who are no longer young in calendar years need not fear the inroads of time if they will avail themselves of modern methods

By

Nell Vinick

Famous New York beauty consultant and lecturer, friend of the stars

Do you envy Jean Harlow her beauty? Jean has learned the value of taking care of her skin . . . and Miss Vinick brings this valuable information to YOU

IN THE last issue we discussed the subject of beauty-aids for the very young girl and I think we thrashed out that much-debated question rather thoroughly.

Today, let us consider beauty-aids for the older woman and I want all you youngsters to stay right with this "Lesson in Loveliness" because it concerns YOU every bit as much as it does women who may be several times your *calendar* age.

Of course, you're more interested in make-up than you are in wrinkles or flabbiness. When the contour is youthful and firm—the skin clear and smooth—it is difficult to picture oneself any other way—but just you look about you and see how many *young* girls have deep, ugly little squint lines around their eyes—at the corners of their mouths . . . Why? Certainly not because of old age with which we usually associate wrinkles, but because they do not give their complexion the necessary *protective care*. . . . It is much easier to guard against and postpone wrinkles than it is to get rid of them once they get a head-start on you.

True—while make-up is a great help towards a more beautiful appearance—it cannot save you from having wrinkles. . . . It takes a good nourishing cream to do that. When I say nourishing cream, I mean something altogether different from a cold cream

—something altogether different from an all-around or all-purpose cream—something altogether different from cleansing cream.

Every skin,—and I'm speaking to all of you now—needs two different kinds of cream every day. First, a thin, light, quickly melting cleansing cream that can come completely *out* of your skin along with the dirt—and also a rich nourishing cream that will *stay in* your skin to lubricate it—to replenish the natural oils which weather and climate and other things are constantly drying out of the skin.

If you have been using only one cream, just ask yourself how the same cream can come out and also stay in. . . . it would be like expecting to run your car backward and forward at the same time.

The young girls of today who are beauty-wise need never grow old-looking in an unattractive way. Notice I say in an *unattractive* way.

Is there anything more sadly ridiculous than the woman of mature or sophisticated years who tries to look kiddish? [Continued on page 70]

IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:

WOR, New York—8:15 a.m., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 a.m., Mondays and Thursdays

WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays

WSJV, Washington, D.C.—12:15 p.m., Tuesday and Thursdays.

WCKY, Cincinnati — 8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays

WBAL, Baltimore—11 a.m., Mondays and Wednesdays; 7:55 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays

WHK, Cleveland—8 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays

*Title registered.

Jean Harlow's

With the threat of death constantly hanging over her beautiful blonde head, Jean fought on through 1934 and breathed a sigh of relief as 1935 dawned

WHEN the year 1934 drew to its dreary close, many of us had cause to sigh with relief—something of a “Phew, I’m glad that’s over.” But not one of us, I’ll wager, had half the reason that Jean Harlow had to welcome the beginning of a new year. In Jean’s memory book, 1934 stands as the darkest year of her life.

Most of the ill fortune, bad luck or just tough breaks—call them what you will—that Jean encountered last year have been pretty thoroughly discussed in public print. There is no need to review again and again her long list of personal disasters. She has been distressed enough before by the reading of such unpleasant discussions. Yet I do believe that you should know one hitherto unknown fact about Jean’s dark year. It was perhaps the unkindest trick of an unkind fate.

Early in the year, Jean received an astrological reading that predicted her *death in an automobile accident before the end of 1934*. The message came in the mail one day, entirely unsolicited by Jean. The self-appointed fortune teller simply thought she ought to know.

Now, I don’t know if you have ever had your own death predicted, or even if you personally subscribe to the theory that the courses of stars in the heavens influence the lives of human beings on earth. But in any event, I’m sure you can sympathize with Jean.

Just change places with her for a moment. You are having your morning coffee when the mail is brought in. Most of the mail is quite ordinary. Then suddenly you open an envelope containing a long letter, an astrological chart and you see underlined the words, “The stars predict your death in an automobile accident before the close of this year.”

Now wouldn’t such an experience shock you into reading the entire message? Of course it would.

The fortune teller went to great lengths to explain the source of the prediction, using, as all fortune tellers do, a wealth of unfamiliar terms. The message was made even more impressive by a recounting of other forecasts given by this person which came true. It continued by listing three more film players whose lives were endangered by the same stellar disturbances that would bring about Jean’s death.

Jean made a valiant attempt to laugh off the threat. But such things don’t laugh off easily. She did succeed, however, in forcing the matter from her mind. She had nearly forgotten about it as the first few months rolled by without disaster when one of the others named with her in the fortune teller’s death sentence died. This brought back the entire distressing affair into a sharper focus than ever before.

Even today, Jean doesn’t relish a discussion of her





"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

①

CAN'T CHAFE



To prevent chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

②

CAN'T FAIL



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

③

CAN'T SHOW



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex is much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

Super Kotex for extra protection

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . **QUEST**, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

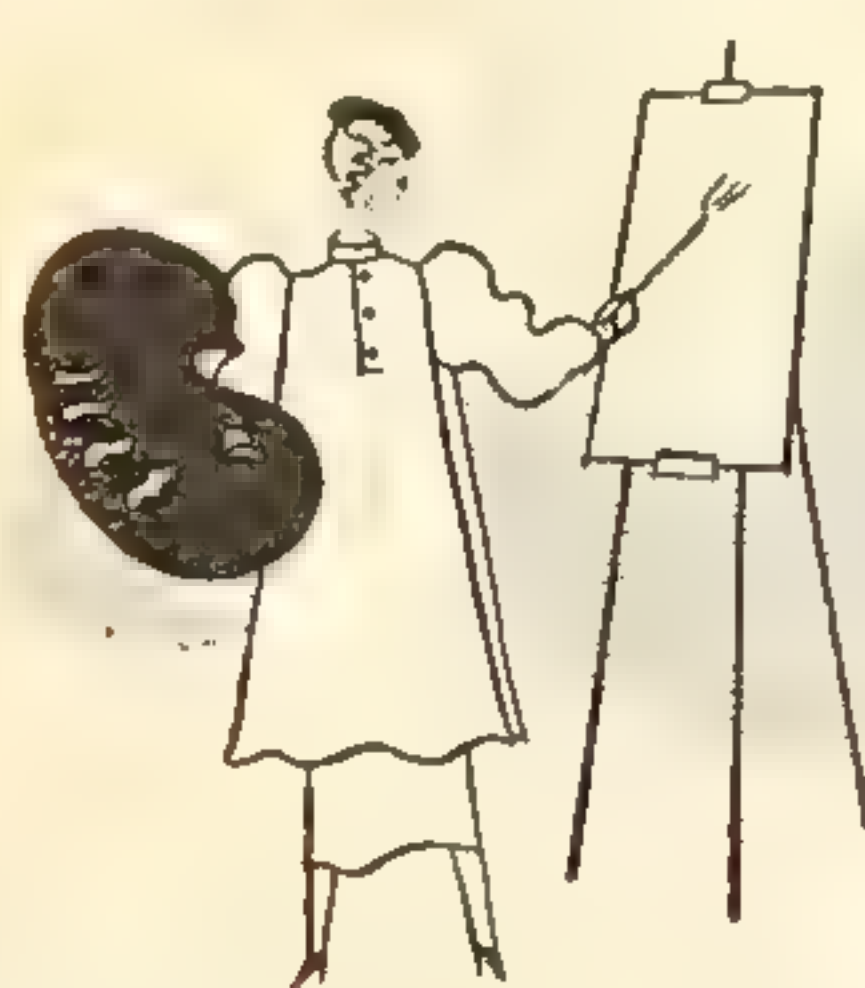
B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement, called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only \$1 at any leading store.



Improving
on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashpac*. \$1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Beauty in
the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original \$1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department F-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.
Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc., 1935.

Do You Know Your Stars?

MOVIE CLASSIC offers an intriguing new contest with several cash prizes to the winners



Star No. 1



Star No. 2

HERE is a sparkling new contest for readers of MOVIE CLASSIC. seven cash prizes are being offered and everyone is invited to join in the fun.

The rules are simple. All that you have to do is:

1. Identify the two stars whose pictures, with certain features hidden, are printed above.

2. Write, in 50 words or less, your opinion of each star. This means that 50 words may be devoted to each star.

3. Mail your answer so that it is postmarked not later than March 28, 1935. Letters received after that date cannot be considered.

Winners of this month's contest will be announced in the June issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Prizes will be

awarded as follows: (1) \$10; (2) \$5; (3 to 7) \$1.

All entries will be judged by the correctness of identification of the pictures printed above and by the merit of accompanying letters containing opinions of the stars. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. You need not be a subscriber to MOVIE CLASSIC to enter the contest. Editors of MOVIE CLASSIC will be the sole judges. Employees and relatives of employees of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., are ineligible for entry.

Start working on the contest now and mail your entry so that it will be postmarked on or before March 28, 1935. All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Join In This Interesting Contest Now!

Charles Laughton's Secret

[Continued from page 39]

trayer of humanity because he keeps his heart open constantly to the Great Intelligence which motivates humanity.

Perhaps I have tried to tell you something which is almost too intimate to be put into words. But "as a man thinketh, so is he." And Charles Laughton is one of the most honest thinkers it has ever been my pleasure to meet.

Don't get the idea that he is in any way a religious crank or that he has any of the aspects of one. In ordinary everyday life, he is an extremely cheerful, friendly soul, loving life, loving a good joke and telling a funny story whenever he has a really amusing one on hand. He loves good food, and what's more, he knows it. He is not an indiscriminate eater, but a very sophisticated one.

In spite of his pleasant, friendly manner, he has a certain shy reserve, and in the depths of his round, bright eyes there is occasionally a glint of sadness, a wistful appeal such as one sees in the eyes of a child who wants to be liked.

Without a doubt he is one of the cleanest, best-groomed men I have ever met. There is always a faint odor of fine soap about him and his skin, in spite of the passing years, is as pink and fresh as a baby's. When he looks at you, his glance is so clear that you'd be ashamed to be anything but genuine with him.

UP TO DATE Charles Laughton is, so far as I'm aware, almost the only actor or for that matter, actress, in Hollywood who has successfully fought off being typed. They tried to make him a monster and he fooled 'em by making an even greater success as a high comedian. Now he's going to play a valet in *Ruggles of Red Gap*. But that won't prevent his doing a swell job as Napoleon Bonaparte, which I personally think would be a grand picture for him. Or any other character you'd like to mention except, maybe, substituting for Shirley Temple.

One of the reasons we fans get tired of stars is because they play *themselves* over and over.

Charles Laughton can never play himself, because a simple, charming gentleman is not particularly dramatic material. But *he* can be a thousand people, each one different from the other. And it won't be a set surface, speaking different lines. It will be the character itself, temporarily functioning through Laughton's flesh.

Remember that even when his face is away from the camera you know what Laughton means to convey—a slight gesture of the shoulders tells the story, the pose of a hand.

And this is because Laughton himself believes, and never fails to call upon the force which aids him.

Charles Laughton's Secret is the secret of life itself—the fearless facing of truth and the using of it to true ends—an unflinching formula throughout the ages.



HAVE YOU A "DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?

?

**DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED**

?

**It's a Sign You're Not
Reaching that Hidden Dirt,
that Dirt that Lies Buried
Beneath the Surface!**

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

**It Calls for a PENETRATING
Face Cream!**

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

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Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

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I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)

FREE

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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Hollywood turned out for the elaborate preview of *David Copperfield* at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Among those present were (left to right) Joseph Sifton, Minna Gombell (Mrs. Sifton), Glenda Farrell and Captain Roscoe Fawcett, executive head of MOVIE CLASSIC and other leading magazines

They Tried To Make a Chaney Out of Muni

[Continued from page 30]

his chance to erase the failure which still rankled in his memory, and without a definite knowledge of the part he was to play he accepted the offer.

Muni completed the picture and waited anxiously for the verdict of the public on his comeback effort. He had a long wait. He could have grown whiskers long enough to play one of his old-man rôles without benefit of make-up while the powers that be permitted the master negative to do a Rip Van Winkle in the storage vaults.

For Muni's picture was a gangster drama. He played the part of an underworld czar with a ruthless affection for the machine gun and the one-way ride, and gore ran through the yarn by the hogsheadful. Its theme song was the staccato rhythm of gunfire and "rugged" was the mildest description that could be applied to its stark drama. Gang dramas at the moment were in disrepute throughout the fair breadth of the land, and Muni's performance was so compelling that the producers were infected with a severe attack of jitters. It seemed the practical thing to do to put the picture into cold storage. Its name was *Scarface*.

It seemed that he had chalked up another failure, and with understandable resentment Muni turned his back on Hollywood when the opportunity came to take the lead in a new Broadway play by Elmer Rice. It was *Counsellor at Law* and it turned out to be the smash hit of the season. It put Muni's name in fat-watted electric lights on the Great White Way. He was still playing in it when *Scarface* was released—nine months after it had been completed.

Overnight the name of Muni exploded into the consciousness of movie fans all over the country. The man whom Hollywood had thought to mold into another Lon Chaney behind its trappings of wigs and putty and distorted grimaces, emerged as an actor who had caught hold of a tremendous part and thrown it for a loss. Thrown it so hard that when it landed the reverberations reached the ears of Muni's producers and convinced them they had a "find."

Scarface made history. It was followed by *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*,—three hits in a row for Muni, one of them a stage play. Hollywood, which had dismissed him as a failure, was Muni's on his own terms.

BUT neither his failures nor his successes greatly disturb him. All he asks are parts which, as actors express it, he can "get his teeth into." It is pleasant when a picture or a play starts a flood of money into the ticket office and the accountants tally up the take while executing fandangoes and adagio twists expressive of extreme glee. But to Muni, the important thing is whether or not he has given the rôle the best that is in him.

When I talked to him, he had just completed *Bordertown* and I asked him if he was satisfied with his performance. He explained that he had not seen the picture!

"I never see my pictures before they are shown in the theatre," he said. "Never watch the 'rushes' of the day's work. I always see something in the scenes which I would like to do over—improvements I want to make. It is disturbing."

That his concentration is amazing when he lives a part is proved by his answer to my request for a few anecdotes of offstage incidents which had occurred during the filming of *Black Fury* and *Bordertown*. He was unable to recall a single one, though he assured me that dozens of them had occurred. He had lived through them without their making the slightest impression on his mind, for he had been a character acting out a story, not an observer.

Last year he and his wife took a trip through Europe, going as far as Moscow to witness the productions of the Russian Art Theatre. He speaks German and Russian as well as English, an ability which he discounts after the fashion of the Continental born. His birthplace was Lemberg, which used to be Austrian but is now a part of Poland. His parents were strolling players and he started kindergarten in London, finishing his grade school course in New York's East Side. It was natural for him to follow the profession of his father, and his début at the age of eleven was made at Cleveland. He is thirty-nine years old.

In Europe he was pleasantly gratified to learn that he was not exclusively identified with *Scarface*. Many Europeans liked him better in *Fugitive*; others preferred him in lighter vein, as in *Hi, Nellie*. He admits that he likes rugged rôles best and believes they fit his talents most happily.

He studies his rôles with the aid of the dictaphone, as this device enables him to hear what Muni sounds like. Critics rate him as one of the ten leading actors.

His marriage to Bella Finkle is one match which will safely hurdle the Hollywood hazard. Mrs. Muni has an attractive oval face, brown eyes like her husband, and much of his graciously courteous manner. They were married in 1921.

His name is pronounced like the first syllable of "munificent." The pronunciation, however, doesn't seem to matter much to him. Perhaps the word "munificent" is more than a happy accident. That's how Hollywood is treating him today, making amends for its early error.

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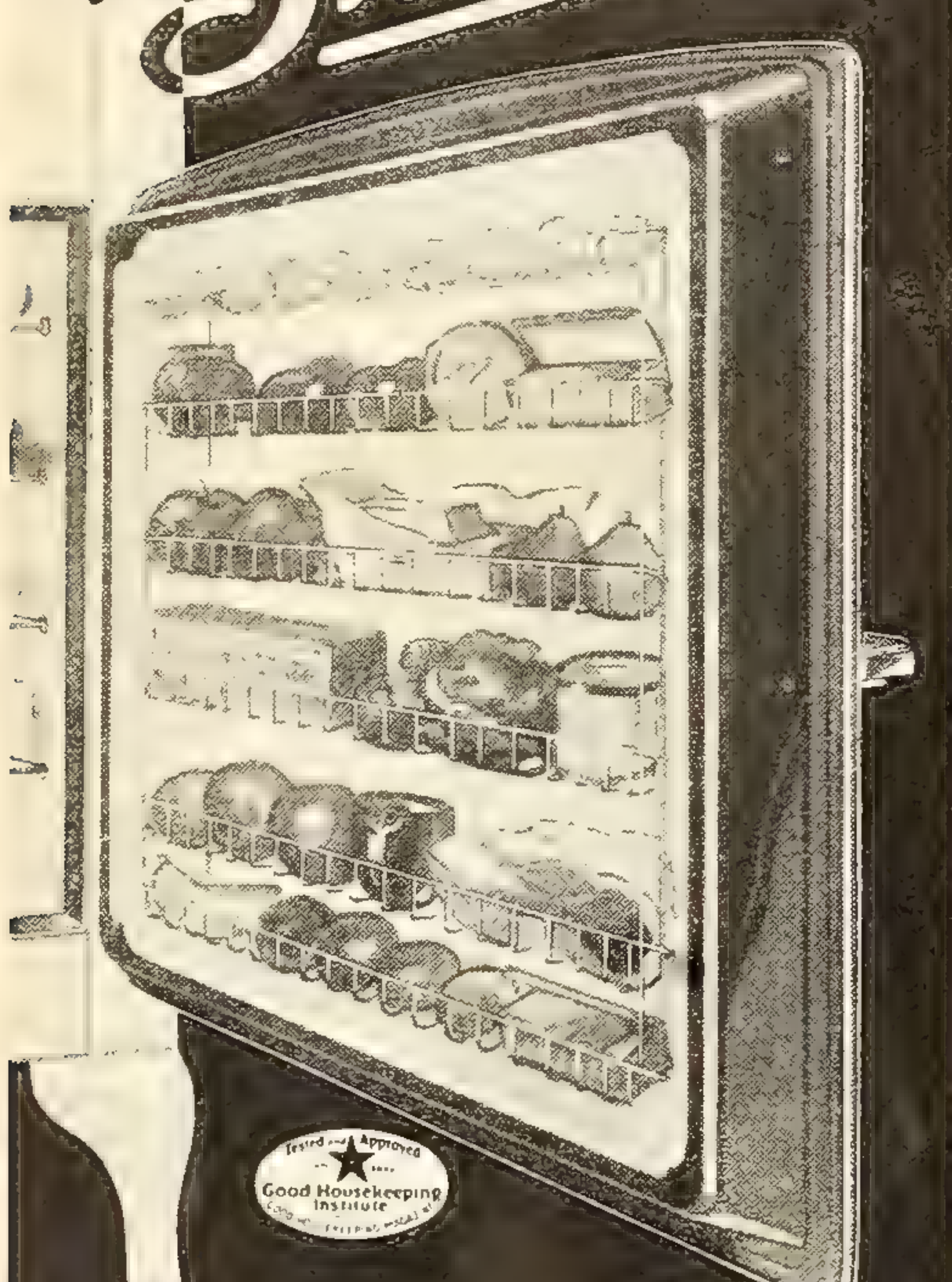
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Put one on—the pain is gone!



Mae West and Fred Kohler, Sr., as you will see them in Mae's coming picture, *How Am I Doing?*, the film which was started under the title of *Now I'm A Lady*

Tragedy Taught Lyda Roberti to Smile

[Continued from page 33]

came into the dressing room. We always spoke in Russian in those days, for German was not popular. She said: 'The circus-is-on-fire.'

"Father heard a shot then. He decided there was more fighting. Quickly he locked the door. He always locked us up away from shooting if he could. He hurried through the tunnel to the arena and saw that the place was a mass of flames. Employes, mad at the circus owners, had poured benzine everywhere and set it afire.

"In that horrible confusion, he cannot get back to us. Smoke was thick in our dressing room, and my brothers and sisters helped break down the door. They tried to carry out our things—all we had in the world—and I ran into the arena. The roof was on fire. Everybody screaming. A soldier came by, trying to get a horse out. He saw me crying, and let go the horse to save me.

"My brother had staggered into the arena with a trunk. I screamed at him. He dropped the trunk and ran, and then the roof fell in. The soldier carried me outside, slapping at my burning clothes."

After this catastrophe they started to work their way toward China. Russia had fallen to pieces with the flaming rapidity that saw the destruction of the circus, and the old autocracy lay in ashes. Corruption and brutality had bred anarchy. Lyda Roberti and her family knew the horrors of strikes, riots, street fighting, and assassinations. Poland was liberated. Alexander Kerensky rose to power.

But the Russian revolutions did not bring peace. Red factions fought White. The Robertis had been traveling in the miserable third-class cars of the Russian railroads toward Nizhni-Novgorod. As they came to the bridge

over the Volga, the train clattered and shuddered to a halt. The next instant there was a terrific explosion and the bridge flew into fragments.

"We went on. At last we were near to Vladivostok.

AND then the Americans came—the inter-allied Siberian expedition, to stop the fighting. The American soldiers ate at the camp—they had bread, even butter! My father and I and my brothers and sisters would go to the camp and try to get food. There was an officer there who spoke some German, and father offered to put on shows if they would feed us.

"They liked to see my sister and I dance, and listen to our Russian songs. For the first time we had enough to eat.

"And the American soldiers went away. Only the Japanese soldiers remained. No longer could we sing and dance for our food. But father talked with the Japanese, and decided to tour Japan with a show. A year we spent there, and I learned the language quickly. It is a lovely language.

"Chinese is not, to me, a pretty language. We left Japan and spent three years in China, but I never learned to speak it. Our luck, it is now better. My sister and I found work dancing at the Carlton Cafe in Shanghai. We are strong, and we do not mind the long hours from nine in the evening to three in the morning. Many Americans came to that cafe. They would all say: 'You should come to America—there you would make a big hit!'

"Finally Manya decided to go and see this wonderful country. Six months later I had enough money. I came, also.

"I could speak only a few words of English. And nobody wanted me. I would hang about the Capitol theatre, trying to get a job in the chorus, but—that Polack! Nobody wanted her.

"But in Hollywood I had better luck. I got into the chorus of a Fanchon and Marco unit. I was happy—so happy!

"Finally Miss Fanchon insisted I sing, so I accept on one condition, that I can still be in the chorus. All the girls thought that was crazy. Such a dumb foreigner—to want to stay in the chorus! I sang at the Paramount, and at the Egyptian, and then what I suspect happens. They took me from the chorus! I cried and cried.

"And I ran away. I would take a train and just wander until my money was all gone. The unit went to the East, and I would run away and go to New York. There somebody would always find me. Once I work three weeks in the Bronx and run away. So I am fired. I went to work at last in a Paramount Publix show and Lou Holtz saw me singing to Rudy Vallée.

"I want that girl for my new show!" he said.

"I cannot speak much English now; then it is worse. So I went on with the unit and played in Buffalo. There Jack Yelland, who owned half the new show in partnership with Lou Holtz, saw my act. He said I am just the girl for their play. And finally, in St. Louis, I decided to accept. I went to New York and walked into the office of Mr. Holtz.

"Hello, Polack!" he said. I grinned at him. Lou is perfectly swell. 'Here is your script,' he said, and handed me a big, thick book.

"I took it, and look at the pages very carefully. I could not understand any of it. 'That sounds like a good part,' I said.

"You got the book upside down," said Lou. 'Can't you read English?'

"They did not know what to do. The show had been in rehearsal two weeks already, and in another week they open in Philadelphia. The more they tried to teach me, the worse it was. Lou would tear his hair, almost. So finally I got mad. I said I would learn the darn book without them. I went to Benny Baker with it and pointed out the words I did not know, which was every other one. That night I studied until four in the morning, and was ready for rehearsal at eleven.

"We were a big hit in Philadelphia. Lou decided to build me into every scene. When we reached Broadway, Lou and I were doing everything but shift scenery in that play. After the New York run we moved to Chicago, and there I signed a contract with Paramount pictures."

Not long ago Lyda had enough money saved to send for her brother Robert. He is a fine musician, and she is helping him to find a place in America.

Perhaps, after Lyda finishes her work in her next picture, *Scandals*, she will be able to send for more members of her family. But she is not sure that Mama and Papa Roberti want to leave the friends they have known so long in Shanghai.

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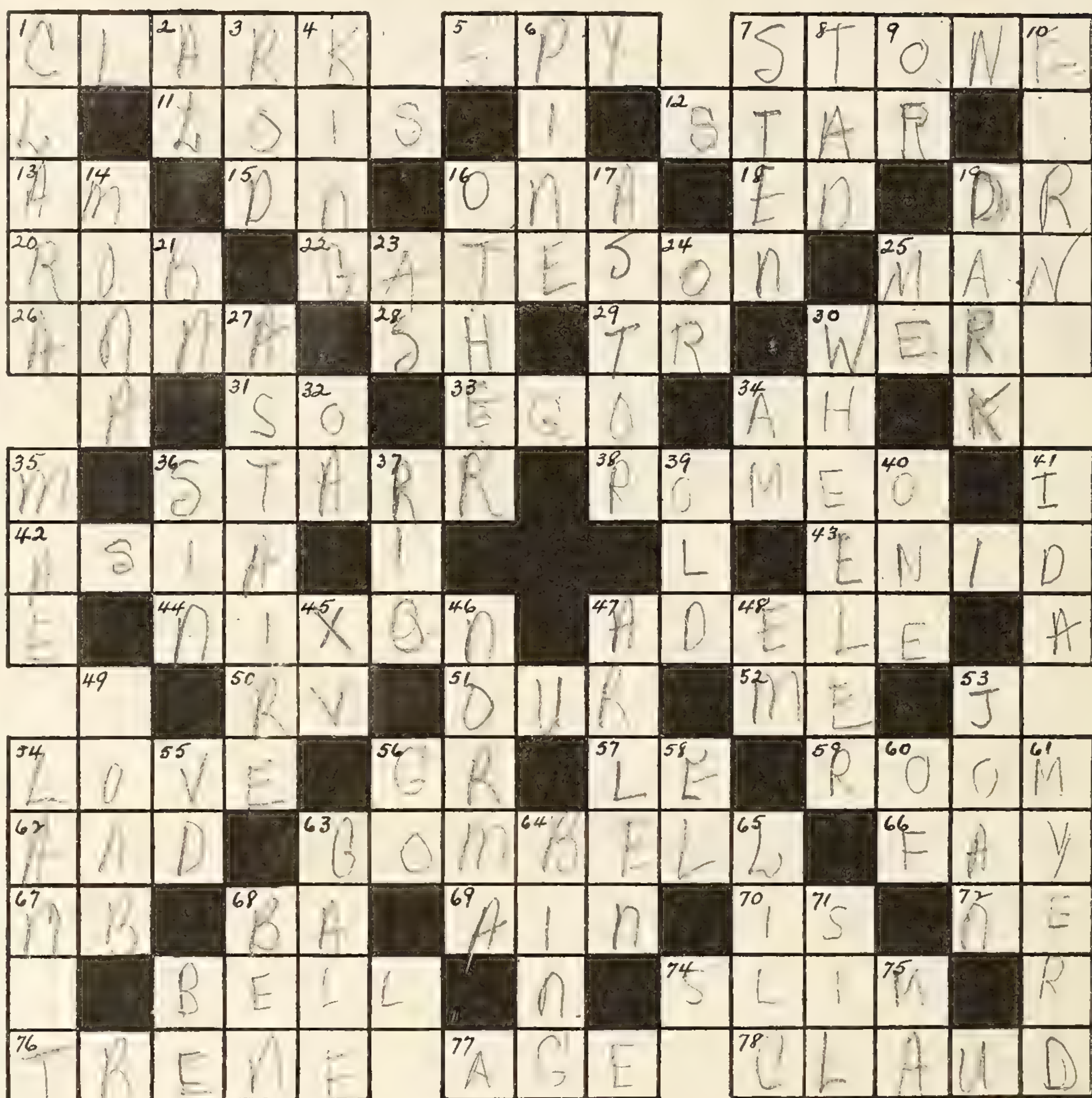
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For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

1. Mike Bradley in *Chained*
5. *Madame*—
7. Captain Smollett in *Treasure Island*
11. Sophie White in *There's Always To-morrow*
12. Garbo is the — of *The Painted Veil*
13. I — Suzanne
15. Don's initials
16. Her last name is Munson
18. Short for Kennedy's first name
19. — Monica
20. Short for Armstrong's first name
22. Amy Lawrence in *Big Hearted Herbert*
25. My —, the King
26. Katusha in *We Live Again*
28. Holloway's initials
29. Rickett's initials
30. Mrs. Maxwell in *That's Gratitude*
31. — This is Africa
33. Some players have an inflated one
34. Exclamation used when you see a beautiful picture
36. There's a Frances and a Sally with this last name — and Juliet
42. The name of the role of one of the children in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
43. Usually plays motherly roles
44. Arabella in *We're Rich Again*
47. Her last name is Lacey
50. Famous crooner (init.)
51. — Daily Bread
52. You Belong to —
54. One Night of —
56. Harry Young in *Limehouse Blues* (init.)
57. Initials of a rubber-legged comedian
59. Girl Without a —
62. Now — Forever
63. Maizie in *The Lemon Drop Kid*
66. Nan Brockton in *Cheating Cheaters*
67. Nigel's initials
68. John in *What Every Woman Knows* (init.)
69. A river in Chevalier's home land
70. Straight — the Way
72. Neely's initials
73. Husband to Clara Bow
74. He made some good comedies teamed with Zasu Pitts
76. Ellen in *The Age of Innocence*
77. This Day and —
78. O'Brien in *Crime Without Passion*

VERTICAL

1. Mrs. Douglas in *Jealousy*
2. Blackface comedian
3. Vilma Banky's husband
4. First name of a director
6. She is always seen with George Raft
7. Star of *We Live Again*
8. Juvenile actor
9. For love — Money
10. His first name is Edward
14. Anne Barry in *I'll Fix It*
16. No — Woman
17. Bessie Foley in *The Case of the Howling Dog*
19. — Hazard
21. Barry's initials
23. — the Earth Turns
24. Sinner — Saint
25. Janet Gaynor was born in this state (abbr.)
27. Guy Holden in *The Gay Divorcee*
30. Bert in *Cockeyed Cavaliers*
32. Oscar's initials
34. I — A Fugitive from a Chain Gang
35. Ruby Carter in *Belle of the Nineties*
36. The — of Nora Moran
37. Flying Down to —
39. The — Dark House
40. — Night of Love
41. Marigold Tate in *Ready for Love*
45. Fifteen (Roman)
46. Elizabeth in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*
47. Julian Barrow in *Ready for Love*
48. Maxwell's initials
49. Carlotta in *Affairs of a Gentleman*
53. Prudence Kirkland in *The Pursuit of Happiness*
54. Zita in *The Great Flirtation*
55. Author of *Pick-up and Chance at Heaven* (init.)
56. Transatlantic Merry — Round
58. Philip Gabney Gift of Gab (init.)
60. Imitation — Life
61. Her first name is Carmel
63. Flora in *Blind Date*
64. Paul Lawton in *She Loves Me Not*
65. Her last name is the same as Tracy's first
68. Bob Wilson in *Crimson Romance*
71. Chaplin's brother
73. Born to — Bad
75. Auer's initials

(Please turn to Page 75 for Solution to Last Month's Puzzle.)

THE RECORD

MARRIAGE

Joselyn Lee and James Seymore say "I do."

Betty Boyd becomes bride of M. B. Olmstead.

Josephine Hutchinson takes time out from studio to wed James F. Townsend.

Anne Roosevelt Dall goes to altar with John Boettiger, assistant to Will Hays.

DIVORCES

Mary Pickford wins decree from Douglas Fairbanks.

Claudette Colbert breaks ties with Norman Foster.

Harry Bannister seeks to take custody of child from ex-wife, Ann Harding.

THE STORK'S DEPARTMENT

Alan Mowbray proud papa of bouncing boy.

George O'Brien and Margaret Churchill happily expecting stork's visit.

HERE AND THERE

Mae West may head for London to do personal appearances and help King George V celebrate his Jubilee.

Carole Lombard skips out on blizzard-stricken New York and lands in Havana.

Connie Bennett becomes stable-owner by purchase of "Rattlebrains" from Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Eleanor Boardman back in Hollywood after two year visit abroad.

Gene Raymond taking in the sights along Broadway.

Wally Beery entertains proposal to make picture in England.

Shirley Temple made an Idaho colonel. (Kentucky please note.)

Jim Tully asked to London to write stories for British films.

Jean Muir slightly injured when horse she was riding in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ran into tree.

Adolph Hitler reverses order barring Pola Negri from German picture work because of alleged anti-German activities.

Clark Gable, Loretta Young and other members of *The Call of The Wild* company snowbound while shooting on northern location.

Samuel Goldwyn announces plans for six pictures during the coming year.

Joan Blondell made honorary colonel in CCC.

Francis Lederer files appeal in attempt to escape five day jail sentence tossed at him for speeding 70 miles an hour along a California highway.

Hugh Walpole, noted English author, slated as story editor at M-G-M.

DECEASED

Lloyd Hamilton, once famed comedian, dies after illness from stomach disorder.

Mrs. Edmund Goulding, wife of noted director, succumbs to long illness at Palm Springs.

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Poppy

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick



Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS



Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch results. At all druggists—15c, 30c, 60c.



A Truly
Waterproof Eye Make-Up.
Can Not Be Washed Off

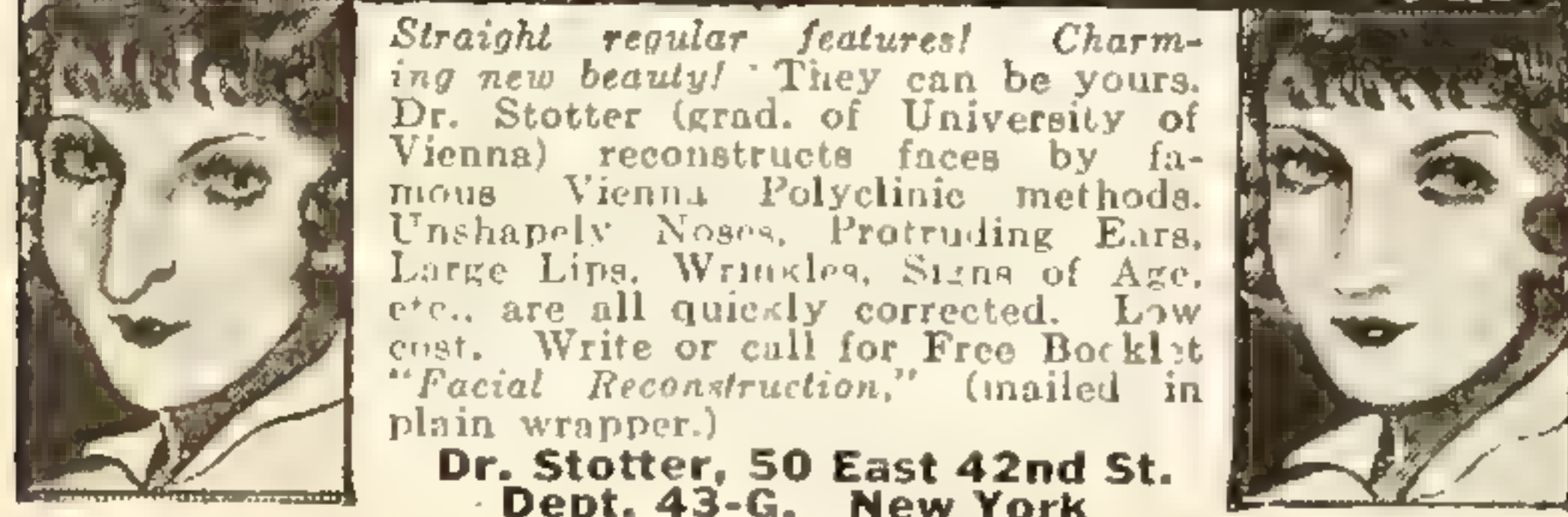
"I" Last

One Application Lasts All Day
Will Not Smudge or Flake Off
Will Not Smart the Eyes
Stays On Until Removed
Easy to Apply—Easy to Remove
Always Fresh and Glossy
Absolutely Harmless

Prove to Yourself
"I" LAST Really
is a DIFFERENT
Eye Make-Up. \$1
at toilet counters
or send 10c for
trial size bottle—
Black, Brown, Blue
or Green.

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Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polychrome method. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction" (united in plain wrapper.)

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card and Mail Today

Your Name _____

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Druggist's Name _____

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(b) THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N.Y.

"Lessons in Loveliness"

[Continued from page 51]

As for hereditary lines (usually grooves running from the nose down to the corners of the mouth, or finely etched lines about the lips and eyes), these run in some families for generations. Yet it is amazing how many people try to overcome them. And when a woman does try this, she is attempting to overcome something that is as much a part of her face as her nose is. She may know perfectly well that the same facial characteristic existed in her mother or father, her grandmother or grandfather; yet she asks what she can do to take those lines out! Such lines or grooves can no more be taken out than the color of the eyes can be changed. The thing she ought rather to be concerned with is the texture and color of her skin; if the color is fresh and clear, and the texture smooth, it will be these that make her look attractive—the grooves or lines will not be noticed.

So, when I discuss wrinkles with you and how to avoid and overcome them, I mean the unattractive and unnecessary kind, which is the kind we see most in the faces of older women.

AS ONE grows older there are bound to be certain changes of expression, of contours, of features, of figure—subtle changes. After twenty-five years of age, certain lines denote character and personality; they indicate experience and memories. Surely no woman of mature or sophisticated years would want to go through life with a face as empty as a doll's, devoid of feeling and expression. And that's how a mature face without lines would look—empty, masklike. There ought to be laughter lines, character lines, on a mature face!

There is too much confusion between a woman's charm and attractiveness and her age. It is a woman's charm that makes the world go round. Somehow, a mistaken idea has arisen that it is a woman's calendar age that governs her charm, or lack of it. Perhaps that has been brought about by all the "pretty girl" pictures in advertisements. A woman's calendar age has nothing to do with her charm, her appeal. Charm and feminine allure do not belong exclusively to the teens and twenties.

This is all by way of exposing the folly of useless despair over accumulating birthdays. But on the other hand, lines of neglect and avoidable wrinkles are a totally different matter. The thing to do if you have not held them at bay, for whatever cause or reason—neglect, indifference, or unavoidable causes—is to set to work on them and get rid of them.

"At 30, a woman should stop patting herself on the back and start patting herself under the chin."

And I mean just that—*patting under the chin*.

Every night before bedtime when you pat nourishing cream all over your face and neck—as all of you *should* do—the woman of 30 or over should pat, pat,

pat, pat *under the chin* for a full half minute by the clock. . . .

How to do it—Pat with the back of your hand, moving just the wrist—pat upward briskly—and of course you will have applied nourishing cream on the back of your hand before you start patting under the chin.

You know, of course, that the way to pat nourishing cream on your face is with the three middle fingers held closely together. . . .

The way to apply nourishing cream on the eyelids and around the eyes is *very gently* with a finger tip, being careful—always—not to put or pull or move the skin.

Which brings me to one of the worst sins committed in the name of beauty culture—this business of so-called "kneading or molding". . . . Many women actually rub or "push" wrinkles into their skin by so-called massage or manipulation or "movements."

WOMEN are not, I have found, interested in causes. When they have anything the matter with their skin or their hair they want to know what to do—what to use; which is just as it should be. It is frequently, however, impossible for them to overcome their troubles, because unknowingly they go right on doing the very thing that is causing the trouble. Therefore, the most prevalent causes of wrinkles are set forth for your guidance and avoidance.

Hasty reducing—"stunt" dieting—The loss of a great deal of weight in a short time is no cause for self congratulation; quite the contrary. The human skin does not shrink or contract fast enough to take up the "slack" caused by losing weight quickly. . . . What is the use of losing a few pounds or inches if it leaves you looking older and "dragged out."

Other causes of wrinkles:

Lack of sleep or rest.

Eyestrain.

Delayed dental work.

Unhappy facial expressions, such as frowning.

Massaging—too much manipulation, or inept manipulation.

Worry, temper, or peevishness.

Unwise eating or drinking, faulty elimination, constipation.

Aching feet.

I am certainly all for the woman who is awake to the necessity of using good beauty preparations to enhance or improve her appearance—that goes without saying. But I am also on the side of nature!—for the *prevention* of disorders. . . .

Make-up—There are many women past thirty who look years older than they should, not because of wrinkles, not because of gray hair, but simply *because they have no color*. Like a faded dress. It may be a perfectly good dress, fine material, fashionable lines, but because it is faded it looks old.

Faded eyebrows and lashes, lifeless-looking skin, colorless lips are just as

bad, just as unattractive as a painted effect.

I'm speaking, of course, of good make-up, deftly applied. . . . Make-up in good taste for *your* type, for *your* environment and activity. Many women in their dislike for the badly made-up, painted effect we see on many girls, overlook the fact that there is a big difference between bad make-up and natural-looking make-up to add warmth and vitality to the skin, reflected sparkle to the eyes, a lovelier curve to the lips.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN PAST 30 SHOULD HAVE IN THE WAY OF BEAUTY AIDS

FOR HAIR—

Liquid shampoo—a pure, bland make.

Wave-setting liquid—a pure vegetable type.

Hairbrush and comb—and wash your comb and brush at least once a week.

FOR COMPLEXION—

Cleansing cream—quick, melting type, not a "thick cold cream."

Soap—a pure bland complexion soap.

Mild Skin Tonic

Facial Tissue

Nourishing Cream

Acne lotion—(not salve) for the occasional eruptions to which even the most perfect skin is subject.

Strong astringent—for an extra firming treatment against flabbiness or sagging to be used once a week.

Muscle oil—for the eyelids and around the eyes. If lines around the eyes are already very deep, you need this for the sensitive eye-area instead of nourishing cream.

Face powder—A daytime shade. . . . Also an evening lavender to give radiance to the skin under artificial lights.

Lipstick

Rouge

Eyeshadow and eyebrow pencil

Magnifying mirror—a great help in getting your eye make-up on just right. Use it also if or when necessary to shape the eyebrows.

Tweezers

Eyebrow brush—This tiny brush is the best way to remove all face powder from the eyebrows and lashes. Also to keep them silky and well shaped. An excellent way to train that alluring upward curve of the lashes.

FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Bath brush—with long handle so you can get your back clean.

Tooth powder or toothpaste, deodorant mouth wash—use morning, night, and after lunch if possible.

Deodorant for armpits

Depilatory or safety razor—for superfluous hair on limbs and armpits.

Bath salts—of a stimulating fragrance, such as verbena or pine.

Eau de cologne or toilet water—spray this on with an atomizer.

Your eau de cologne, bath dusting powder, and sachets should be the same fragrance as your perfume.

FOR HANDS

Hand lotion—to keep them soft and smooth.

Nail file, orangewood stick—flat-tipped, not sharply pointed.

Nail polish, manicure scissors, nail buffer.



BLONDES

Admired by Men
Envied by Women!

Nature loves blondes. Not everybody wants light hair, but every brunette envies that fresh, bright clean look so natural to blondes. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is best with soft golden hair. But Marchand's *also* imparts a fascinating radiance to dark hair as well. In fact, Marchand's, used quietly, safely, simply—and secretly, if desired—tints your hair any desired shade from a rich auburn brown to a lively golden sheen. Start, if you prefer, on your arms and legs to make unnoticeable dark "superfluous" hair. And gain that charm that belongs to fair, silky smooth arms and legs.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash belongs in the boudoir of every woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... P435

Jean Harlow's Dark Year [Continued from page 53]

stammered out her belief that she had seen a ghost.

Jean can laugh about these incidents now, but they weren't so funny in 1934. There was something decidedly fantastic in the frequency with which automobile accidents figured in stories concerning her. There was the definite knowledge that the fortune teller had correctly predicted death in at least one case. Coupled with all the other unhappy things that were happening to Jean, the forecast of her death was like a dark cloud over her few brief moments of happiness.

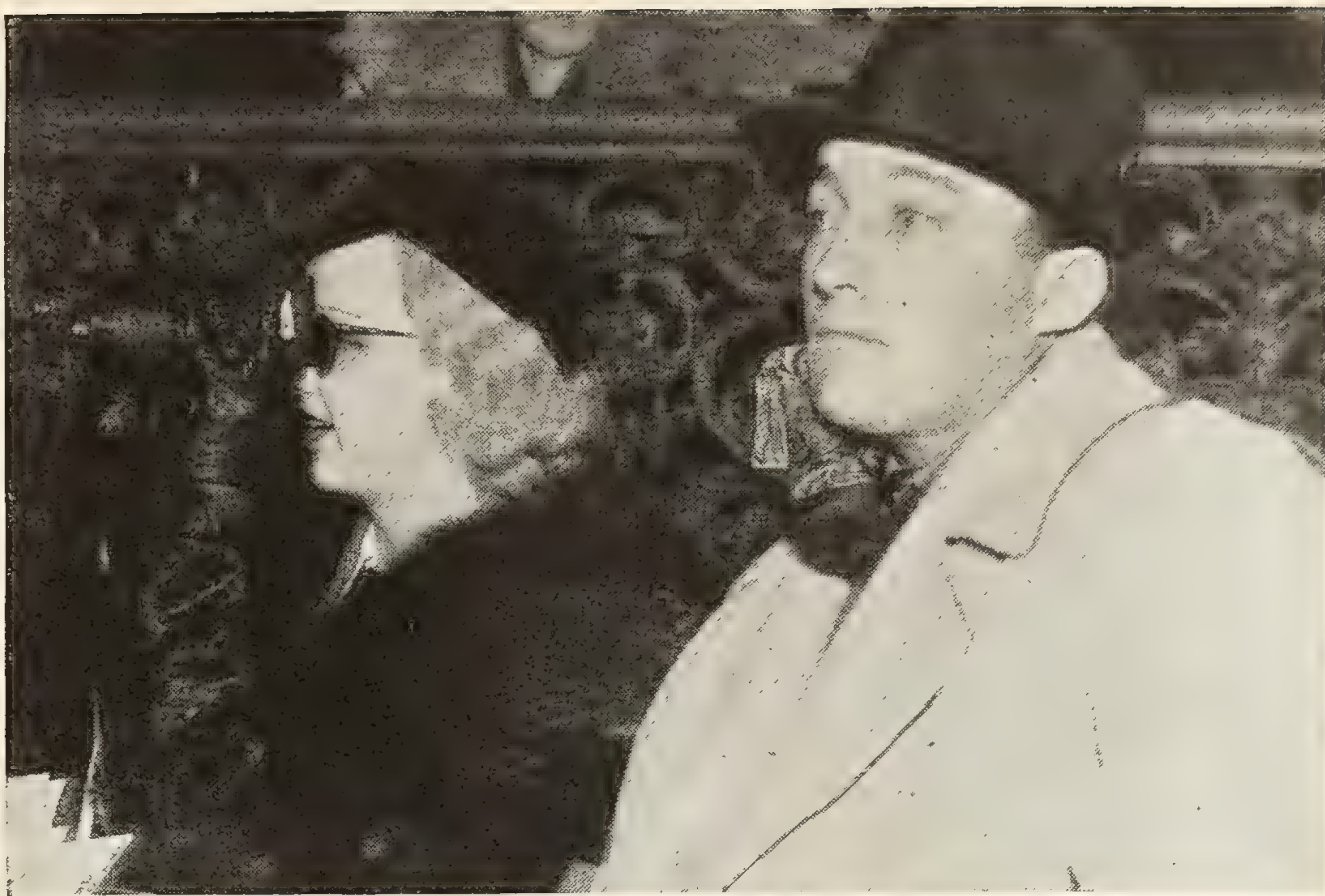
Narrow escapes from other accidents that did not concern automobiles also occurred during the year. Once a heavy overhead arc light crashed from the rafters on the set. Only the quick wit of a workman, who pulled Jean out of the way, saved her life. Another time, she slipped from the garden wall of her hillside home and was painfully bruised.

Many girls might have broken under the strain, the uncertainty, the constant threat. All of us face death from countless sources every day of our lives, little thinking of the possible consequences. Each time we cross a crowded street or do a million other accustomed things, we take our lives in our hands.

"I seldom think about death nor am I afraid to die," Jean said to me. "I try never to take unnecessary chances nor to be foolhardy, but I'm rather a fatalist. I believe that when my number is up, it's up, regardless of what I attempt to do about it."



Here is Clara Bow's baby, Rex Larbow Bell. Behind him is his proud dad, Rex Bell, western star



Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby (she is Dixie Lee of the films) take time out from their screen work to enjoy the races at Agua Caliente

What Stars Will Survive Color?

[Continued from page 29]

white camera has failed to grasp completely, and who have missed greatness because their natural charm has baffled the flat eye of black and white.

"Here are the new stars of tomorrow: Frances Dee, Glenda Farrell, Lilian Bond, Ginger Rogers—a star today, but not nearly as great as she will be in color; also a girl playing unimportant rôles today—Betty Furness. All these girls share a vitality which Technicolor will intensify and a reality which it will not underkey.

"If Mary Pickford wishes, she can be as great a star in color as she was when she was known as America's Sweetheart.

"Among the men, we will again have Richard Barthelmess as a great star. We will have the same Barthelmess of *Broken Blossoms*. His acting has always been consummate. His has been a valourous ability, which yet could not overcome the handicaps of the maturity which audiences did not want in him. Technicolor will restore to audiences the Barthelmess of ten years ago.

"Lyle Talbot's vivacious quality, which is flat in black and white, will be revealed in color. Even though he has had important rôles, Lyle has never been a star of the first magnitude. He will be in Technicolor.

"Gene Raymond, of course. His striking coloring will be startling and so unusual that he will rate true stardom.

"With Technicolor, Hollywood's collective hair will no longer have to be bleached so that the black and whites can pick up light. On the contrary, the brunette will come into her own, for Technicolor records gradations in coloring. It will, to some extent, simplify casting problems. Today, contrast is essential. A support player must be of another type than the heroine. In the

future, two brunettes with different shadings will be sufficient contrast.

"It will be a kindly era for brunettes, and girls like Dolores del Rio, Wini Shaw, and Raquel Torres will become amazingly beautiful, more so than they ever were, for the Technicolor eye gives to the very dusky beauty a radiance denied them by the talkies of today.

"TECHNICOLOR will bring another boom to pictures. Dieting as a fad will be unnecessary. The color camera does not demand that extreme thinness which the black and white does. It does not put on that extra ten pounds—rather, it is quite possible to slim down the over-plump figure through the proper use of color in costumes and backgrounds.

"Silents satisfied the emotions; talkies satisfied the emotions and the ear. Color pictures go further. They will fill the eye with beauty, exhort the imagination to new flights in dreams, for it sees what the eye cannot perceive. It records a hidden beauty, gives a fourth dimension quality to pictures which will intrigue the imagination just as much as Al Jolson's pioneer talkie did."

Katharine Hepburn, who lays no claim to beauty, is one of the astounding phenomena in motion pictures. She registered before cameramen learned how to make her beautiful. Her fight in Hollywood was to retain her unusual qualities of face and feature. She has screamed in projection rooms when the day's rushes were shown: "You have made me beautiful! I don't want to be beautiful."

Color is a new chapter in glamour—not with the glamour of strangeness—but the glamour of reality, heightened, accentuated, beautified, glorified!

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Stop

WORRY OVER TELL TALE

GRAY HAIR



Tint It This Safe Way Look Years Younger

SAFELY, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Look 10 years younger and retain your youthful charm.

Used and approved for over twenty-three years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. You'll be happy in using—

BROWNATONE

Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or

SEND THIS COUPON

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
283 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test bottle of BROWNATONE, and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Print Your Name and Address

Where Hollywood Spends Its Evenings

[Continued from page 56]

"regulars" who never miss a night. Donald Odgen Stewart is usually still there when the waiters pile up the chairs and put away the linen. Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields hold long and serious discussions about "comedy" while the dawn breaks. This, by the way, has become almost an old Hollywood custom—watching the sun rise from the Troc's porch.

Eighteen successive nights recently saw Marlene Dietrich dancing at the Troc to the music of Phil Ohman's band. That's almost as often as Marlene has been seen in all of the rest of Hollywood's night spots since she first come from Germany. Robert Riskin, the scenarist, comes nightly with a party which usually boasts the presence of Carole Lombard. Kay Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, the Dick Barthelmesses, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell—but why go on? The Troc's patrons comprise a roster of practically all of Hollywood. And more and more are joining the list of "regulars."

ONLY recently, the Troc became front page news throughout the world when the heretofore never-seen Greta Garbo elected to stage her night life premiere. Escorted by a party of select friends, Greta drove up to the Troc, calmly entered, declined a secluded table in a far corner and took a "ringside" seat adjoining the dance floor.

Hollywood—and that meant almost everybody of consequence in the film industry from Marlene Dietrich to Louis B. Mayer—was there. Garbo sat under a spotlight and smiled all the while. She enjoyed the entertainment and when somebody suggested that they depart, she demurred and asked to stay until an entertainer she enjoyed sang another song.

It was Greta's first night out and the importance of the Troc in the social life of Hollywood is indicated by the fact that she chose that spot for her initiation.

Wilkerson, upon opening, did an astonishing stunt. For one week, he raised his prices so high that the average check for dinner and perhaps a bottle of wine amounted to about twenty dollars a person. Word quickly got around that the Troc was no place for people of limited incomes. Then, abruptly, Wilkerson dropped the prices to a level of the usual high-grade restaurant. The Troc is still no place for penny-ante spenders but the movie crowd is willing to foot the bills that will keep the place exclusive. Tourists and sight-seers have caused the film bunch to desert one after another the once popular restaurants and Wilkerson frequently says that he will raise prices again rather than let the autograph hunters invade the Troc.

Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

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PERFECT FOOD and WINE SERVICE

Hotel Expert Service Corp.

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A Beautiful
Symmetrical Form*

By a Safe, Simple Method that has stood the test of more than 32 years. Easy, certain, inexpensive way to acquire in a short time at home firm flesh, attractive curves and the irresistible charm you've always wanted. Perfect any part of the body without trouble and at little cost... Promote shapeliness, and engender love, romance, popularity... I make no absurd claims but send PROOF and the Cream FREE, along with my confidential, up-to-the-minute information "How to Have a Beautiful, Symmetrical Form by My Natural Home Method." Just mail me 10c (dime or stamps) to help pay packing, and you will receive the above and a Large Container of my



PEERLESS
WONDER
CREAM

PREPAID by return mail. Not a dollar, not even 50c—just a Dime. No C.O.D. My Guarantee: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But do it now.

MADAME WILLIAMS
P. B. 1 Buffalo, N. Y.



Jeanette MacDonald, heroine of *Naughty Marietta*, and her fiancé, Robert Ritchie, snapped at a "Paris Prevue" party she gave in his honor at the Cafe Trocadero

Today the Troc is on the beat of every newspaper reporter covering Hollywood. Many a romance has begun over its tables and to be seen there more than twice with the same companion is tantamount to announcing an engagement. Most of the film city's new wisecracks also originate there. The answer to "where did you hear that story?" is nearly always "The Troc."

But most surprising of all is that Los Angeles society—high society—is taking up the Troc, too. For the first time in Hollywood history, old California society and filmdom dance shoulder to shoulder. Recently the Junior League took over the whole cafe for the night.

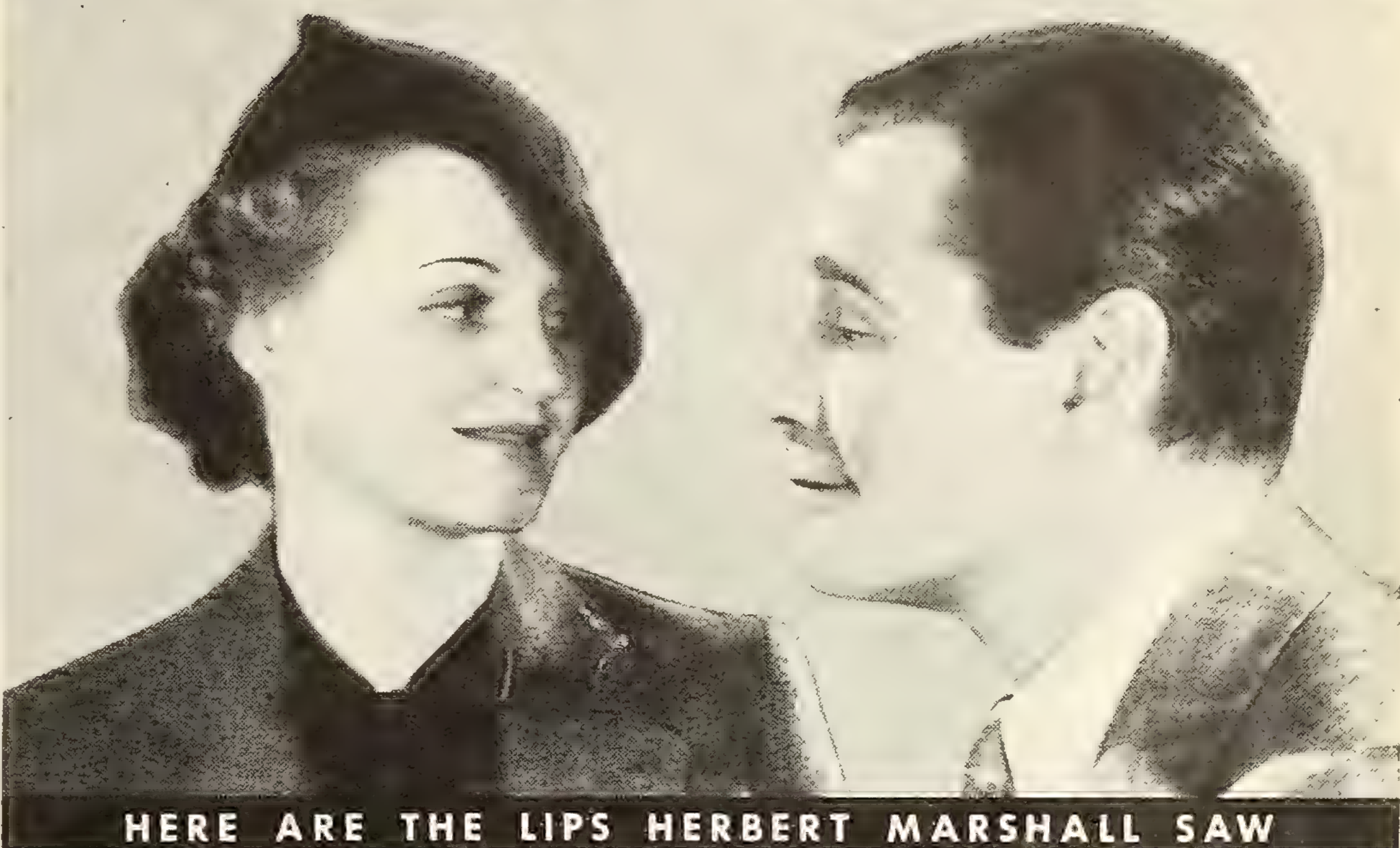
The Trocadero has a sidewalk cafe, the only one in the city. The first floor holds the large dining room and dance floor. Below is the bar with a smaller dance floor and a private dining room for large parties.

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

W	A	R	N	E	R		P		H	O	W	A	R	D
I		O	U	R		A	R	E		T	A	D		E
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L	E	E		C	O	L	O	M	B	O		L	I	P
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A	S		W	E		S		N		D	O		S	E
M		L	A	D	Y					D	A	M	E	Y
		D	O	N	E					A		B	A	D
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R	Y	A	N		N	I	L	E	S		D	A	N	E
A	L	L		N	O	V	E	L	L	O		L	O	N
Y	E	L	L	O	W		M		I	N	N	I	N	G
E		E	Y	E		F	O	G		T	E	N		E
R	O	N	A	L	D		N		P	O	W	E	L	L

"I chose the girl with Tangee Lips"

SAID **HERBERT MARSHALL**



Popular English Star finds natural lips most attractive in lipstick test.

"We see too much grease paint in the studio," said Herbert Marshall. "I have a positive aversion to it in private life. A girl's lips especially are unattractive if she's coarsened them with a heavy coat of paint."

Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But put it on and you will see it change to the one shade of rose which is the natural tint of your own lips... because this lipstick alone contains the magic Tangee color-change principle, making it *actually* change to the color best suited to your type. Your lips look soft, full and lovely.



• Herbert Marshall, co-starring with Margaret Sullavan in *"The Good Fairy"*, made the famous lipstick test between scenes of this new **Universal Picture**. Present were: one girl wearing no lipstick, one girl wearing Tangee, one girl wearing ordinary lipstick. Asked which lips were most appealing, Herbert Marshall instantly picked the Tangee girl.

Get Tangee. The large economical size costs just \$1.10. A smaller size is 39c. Or make a quick trial with the famous 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set. Contains Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and the New Tangee Face Powder. Send 10 cents with coupon below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP45
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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**HORSE RACING AT THE NEW
 SANTA ANITA TRACK....**



E. S. HAMMACK

What Love Has Done for Gloria Stuart

[Continued from page 27]

has made her dissatisfied with her work on the screen.

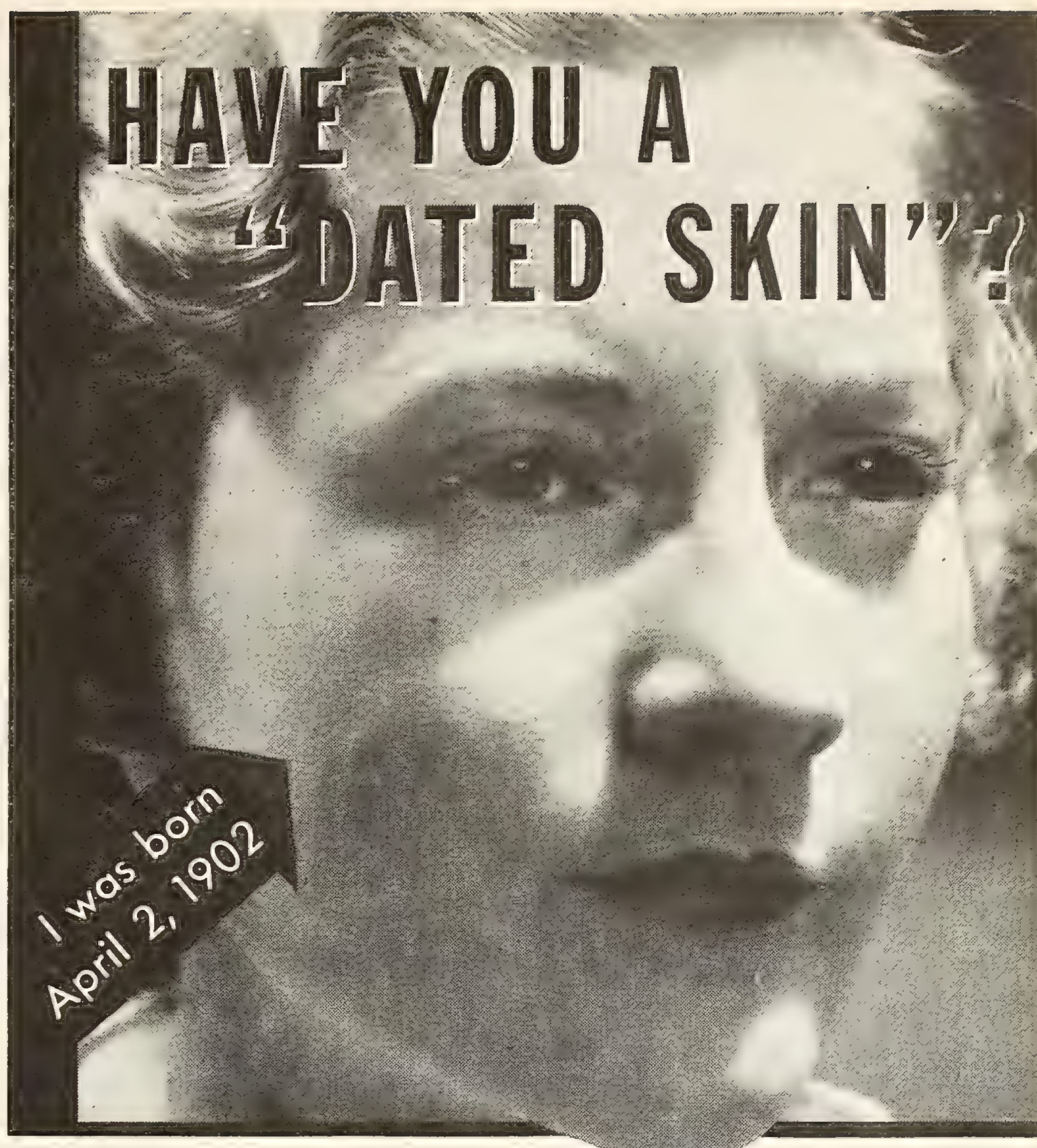
Gloria has attributed her failure to do her best work in Hollywood to the feverish excitement of life in the movie capital, to poor rôles, to the limitations of the screen—to this and to that—

"But now I know," said Gloria, earnestly, "that the greatest gift an actress can possess is capacity for *emotion*. She must be able to feel personally all the despairs, raptures, hopes, angers of the characters she plays. It isn't enough to understand and imitate these emotions—tears that come out of a glycerine bottle aren't as dramatic as those that come out of the heart! A real actress is born, not trained. I have discovered there are several ways of being born! And one of them is to fall suddenly, unexpectedly, and completely in love."

IN HER four years in Hollywood, Gloria Stuart has furnished the interviewers with some of their most colorful quotations. Proud of being intensely "modern" she delighted in uttering startling statements about her school-girl marriage to Gordon Newell, the sculptor, which was, she claimed, an absolutely free arrangement, without any such old-fashioned thing as jealousy or possessiveness in it.

"What I thought was being modern was just being young and inexperienced," Gloria laughs now. "Of course, the truth was, Gordon and I weren't really in love or we would have known that jealousy was the proof of a happy marriage! What wife in love with her husband wants to be 'free'? My marriage to Arthur Sheekman has shown me how wrong I have been about almost everything. It's given me an entirely new perspective. And it has taught me to *feel* for the first time in my life. Suddenly I understand a hundred emotions in other people which I haven't ever experienced myself. I suppose it's because love is such an all-embracing experience that it explains all others. Now Arthur and I go over my scripts evenings, and I seem to see the women I play as flesh-and-blood people, not characters in a picture. I *know* that I am going to be a better actress from now on. . . .

"I would rather be happy than famous. Right now I am happy in my screen work, happy to feel that I am advancing in it a little. But I will never let Hollywood break my heart as it has so many. When they begin to ask, 'Whatever happened to Gloria Stuart?' you can tell them that she is living in a little village within sight and sound of the sea, raising delphiniums and children, baking gingerbread, and writing accounts of church socials for her husband's paper. Love has taught me to be a better actress, but that isn't half as important as the fact that Love has taught me to be a better human being."



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in ad-

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)

Lady Esther, 2040 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

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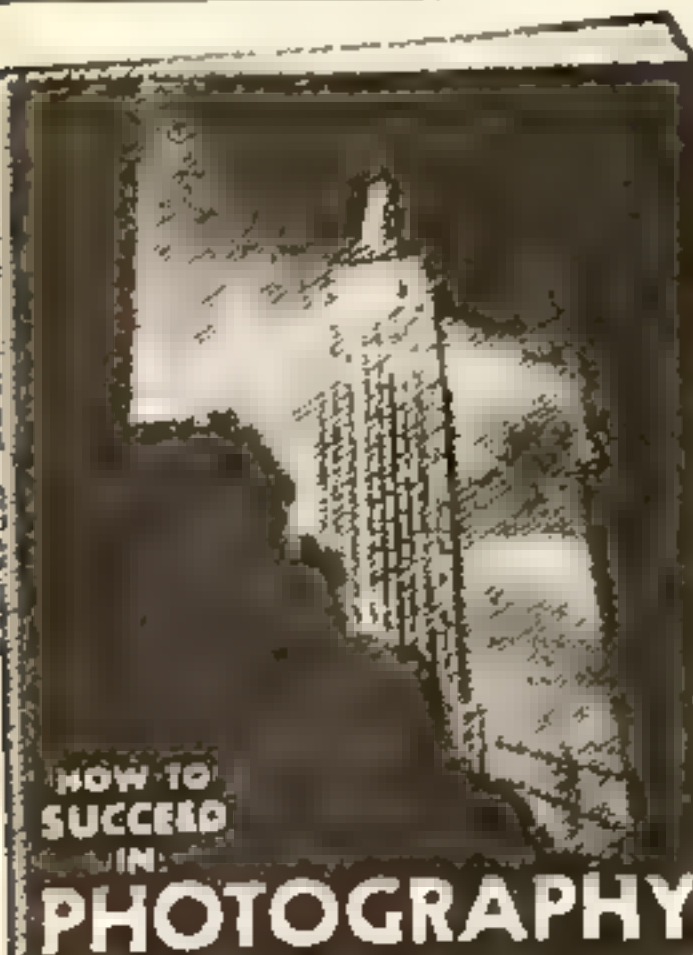
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FREE BOOKLET

Fredric March on a South Sea Isle

[Continued from page 25]

experience with the *pareu* when I told him I'd run into the same difficulty while trying to "go native" in the islands a few years ago.

"I tried spearing fish in the surf as the natives do, but without much success," March continued, "but we got some fine shots of the Tahitian fishermen with my little motion-picture camera. Later on I learned to use water goggles and prowled around under the waves looking at the gorgeous coral gardens and hunting for oysters.

"One morning we went out to the leper colony on the other side of Papeete. We saw dozens of natives suffering from this dread disease living in a tiny village with French physicians and nurses in charge.

"Mrs. March wouldn't go inside but the rest of us walked around and talked with some of the lepers. They seemed happy enough. I questioned two or three of them and they answered cheerfully."

Freddie tossed over a few pictures taken at the leper village.

"Now where was I in my travelogue," he wanted to know. I told him he had just finished with the leper colony and he swung back into his stride.

"Oh, yes," he resumed, "that trip kinda put a damper on our party, but the next day we went over to Moorea, a twelve mile trip across the roughest channel I ever saw. Some native friends had arranged an old-time feast for us and we got a chance to taste of whole pig roasted in leaves underground along with fish, *taro*, breadfruit, potatoes and *fei*, that last being a vegetable that looks like a banana but isn't.

"I even tried the raw fish of which the natives are so fond. They pickle it in lime juice and cocoanut milk and it's delicious—even if the very idea of eating raw fish sends chills up and down your spine.

"The best part of our trip was the swimming and fishing. The ocean is milk warm the year around and we could walk right in day or night without worrying about the temperature. Of course, you wear shoes of some sort to guard against coral cuts but you soon get used to that.

"We were fishing out in front of the hotel one morning when a native in a near-by canoe yelled for me to turn around. I whipped my boat around in time to watch a six or seven-foot shark glide by, his fin five or six inches out of the water."

"I SUPPOSE you're thinking our time on Tahiti must have been crowded, but we found plenty of time to loaf and sleep. We even took an evening off and visited the 'cinema', Papeete's one motion-picture house where everyone and his dog goes two or three times each week.

"We saw a French talkie. No, it wasn't so bad. You know, Doug Fairbanks left the sound equipment for the 'cinema' when he was down in the is-

land in 1932 making Robinson Crusoe.

"Yep," in answer to one of my questions, "the dogs STILL parade up and down the aisles during the show and everyone eats watermelon, ice cream cones and candy from the Chinese candy carts outside."

Just at this time March suddenly discovered that he had been talking and showing me pictures for two straight hours.

"Say," he grinned like a school kid, "you probably have enough stuff to write a book on Tahiti. I have to get home."

He started cramming his pictures back into the bag but even then he couldn't quit the subject. We talked and talked—discovering mutual friends in Papeete and on Moorea—discussing Tahiti hotels, rum-punch recipes and the relative good looks of native and half-caste girls we both recalled.

March agreed with me when I ventured the opinion that *Turia*, niece of the queen, was the nicest of the bunch.

Although Freddie was still trying to make a polite exit I held him long enough to learn that he had become keenly interested in the brilliantly hued fish that swarm in the bays and lagoons of Tahiti. A friend of his is bringing back dozens of varieties for an aquarium now under construction at the March home.



Meet Cap'n W. C. Fields—excuse us, Commodore Orlando Jackson, distinguished gentleman—as he appears in Paramount's *Mississippi*

Life Forced Barbara Stanwyck to be An Actress

[Continued from page 55]

lead my country against oppression. I couldn't picture myself as a shepherdess, for I knew nothing about green fields or uncrowded places. I acted Joan's life drama again and again, and I can still remember the crescendo of passion that I reached when I was led to the stake by the jeering soldiers—whose faces always bore a great resemblance to hardest looking characters along our street."

Strange that a half-starved little red-head in the tenements should spend her days playing Joan of Arc? No, for little Ruby Stevens who has lifted herself by her own bootstraps to stardom as Barbara Stanwyck, found a kindred nature in the French girl who lifted herself from the tending of her peasant father's sheep to the leadership of her King's armies. And Ruby Stevens, like Joan D'Arc, was a "different" child . . . and was often ridiculed."

I HAVE spoken of Barbara's father, the ne'er-do-well who sailed away to Panama and left his children to shift for themselves after the death of their mother. From time to time, he wrote to them and occasionally sent them a few dollars. For a brief time he played a part in Barbara's dreaming. He wrote that he was coming home. Barbara was eight years old then.

Home from the tropics, home from adventure! Barbara couldn't remember his features, but, for the first time in her life, she was really aware of her father. And her imagination glorified him. He would take them all out of poverty and give them a good home and love.

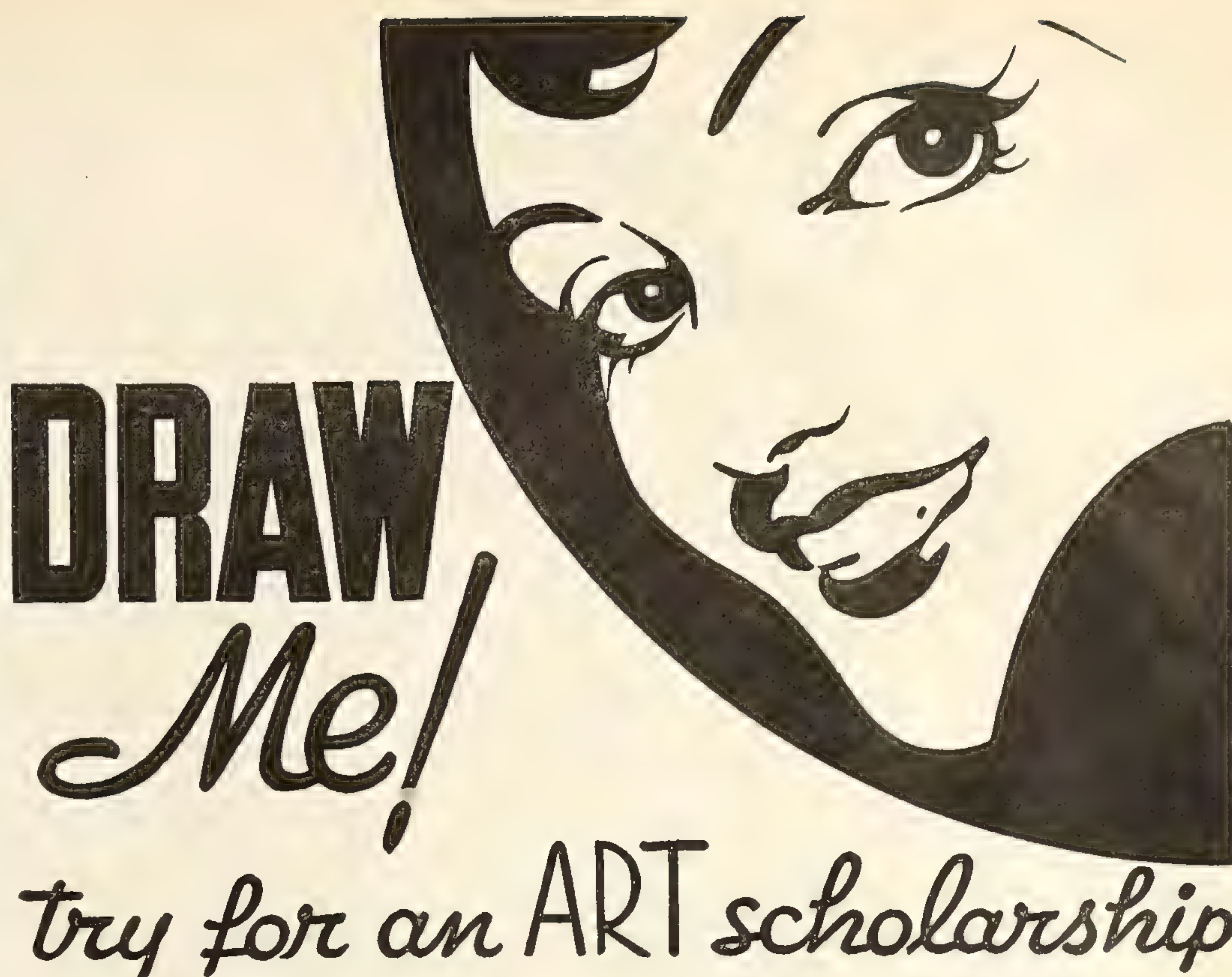
Conducted by her sisters, she took her dream to the pier to meet the ship. But she was never to know her father. En route from Panama, he had died and was buried at sea.

Boarding house slavey, orphan asylum charge, twelve-dollar a week typist, Barbara clung to her vicarious life of dreams with the tenacity that a ship-wrecked sailor clings to a floating spar—and for the same reason.

"But it's easy to dream too much. Most of my dreams were tinged with self-sympathy and I allowed my appreciation of my own misfortunes to grow on me until I began to lose perspective. When one 'grows up,' it's time to face facts.

"If I am thankful for the imagination that served me for armour against hardships when I was a child, I'm still more grateful for the shock that I had when Frank Fay took me to an orphanage, much like the one I had lived in, and made me see that the world is full of others no more fortunate than I was."

Life has forced Barbara Stanwyck to be an actress—and in giving her success and wealth and stardom, it has also given her memories which make her a very great person.



Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, with drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

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RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing 5 inches wide, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl and background, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 5th, 1935. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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REDUCING GIRDLE. Beautifully made, very comfortable: laced at back. Send waist and hip measure \$4.75

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Ketti Gallian's Conquest

[Continued from page 31]

to take her out.

In *The Ace*, Ketti played the part of a French gamin, which was fortunate, because she knew no English. She was the only girl in the cast—and made a sensation in her part. (She would have, anyway, even if there had been a dozen other women in the play.) The gaminlike sheer black stockings and red garters which she wore, strangely enough, started quite a fad in dear old London. Shop girls and English society women alike cast aside the customary beige hose and began wearing lacy, transparent black.

And just as her unique fashion was taken up by everybody in general, so was Ketti, personally "taken up." The London night clubs seemed gayer because of her. The florists near the Lyric Theatre did a booming business. One florist in particular thought the world had come to an end when a certain distinguished London barrister ordered ten thousand roses to be sent to Miss Ketti Gallian. "You mean *all at once*?" stammered the astounded florist. "Yes, all at once," the gentleman replied, and just to show that he was a gentleman, he also sent vases in which to put the flowers!

Paris, London, New York, and Hollywood—the most eligible young men of each of these four centers of the world have all contrived to meet Ketti. That's the kind of a girl she is. She comes into a room and every man in the place immediately looks up his host and says, "Who's that girl? How about introducing me?"

Helen of Troy may have launched a thousand ships, and she still holds the record, but Ketti has launched quite a few herself, and given time . . . who knows? Her launching specialty is airships. After her brief sojourn in London, quite a few important Englishmen found it necessary to fly over to Paris on business. After her equally brief sojourn in New York, en route to Hollywood, some of Manhattan's hattiest men took off for the coast for a change, a rest, and a bit of fresh air. It's true that on the occasion of Ketti's first stay here, a sentry, or what amounted to as much, was stationed in front of her door—and Hollywood rumors that he was there to keep the men away.

During the daytime Ketti wears tailored suits, a simple tailored felt hat, black patent leather pumps, and no jewelry—which is a true Continental fashion. But in the evening—well, that is a Ketti of another color. Swathed in silk or satin of a simple, elegant cut, she flaunts diamond bracelets on both arms, usually from her wrist to her elbows. Even blasé Hollywood sits up and takes notice of that!

A NEW CONTEST!

Plenty of prizes and lots of fun. Turn now to page 62 of this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

How Hollywood Stages Its Parties

[Continued from page 41]

much as ordinary teacups do; the plates are about the size of standard bread-and-butter plates. Every piece is delicately fluted, and tiny lavender rosebuds are scattered casually here and there over the ivory background. Gold bandings complete the decoration, and a honey of a baby silver teapot reigns over the entire tray, which is one of those cute carved walnut ones with legs about two feet high. The cloth and serviettes are white Madeira and the spoons are small to match the cups. Mrs. Hersholt serves Danish coffecake, sliced very thin; assorted tea cakes, and slim candy bars of chocolate filled with rum-flavored stuffing.

Margaret Sullavan does things with an informal grace. Following her marriage to William Wyler, she stepped into the rôle of hostess and started her entertaining with a buffet supper in her husband's honor. Delicately tinted aspics, canapes, jellies, and cakes were so artfully arranged that flowers were unnecessary to the decorative motif.

From the quiet relaxation of Hollywood's tea parties, let's plunge head-first into the dinner. Connie Bennett is attending at the Cocoanut Grove. The most amazing thing about the whole affair is the centerpiece. In the middle of the round table a mass of tropical fruits are banked high and handsome. There are bananas, pomegranates, oranges, pineapples, and roselles resting on a bed of asparagus and maidenhair fern, with a few flowers stuck in here and there to add tone to the doings.

One of the parties that perhaps interested you most was Ginger Rogers' wedding reception. Everyone knows the details by now, but Ginger's smart idea of table decoration might have escaped some of the girls who are wondering how to have their own bridal tables arranged next June. Surmounting the cake, Ginger had a doll about a foot high which looked almost exactly like her. It was dressed as a bride, and down the table, on either side, were smaller secondary dolls which were dressed like the bridesmaids, even to little bouquets.

Let's pay a visit to Gail Patrick, lunching in her dressing room between shots on the *Mississippi* set. The vision of Gail, resplendent in a blue picture gown, her hair piled high in masses of shining dark curls, her little room cozy with beauty and hospitality, is food enough for anyone. Remember the story about Oscar Wilde, who entered a restaurant and had to wait a long while for his order to be taken? During the wait, Wilde sat staring at a single red rose in a vase on the table, and when finally he was asked what he would like, he replied, "I have already dined."

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This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.



Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

To end skin faults

Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

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OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

If discouragements could beat down determination
there would be one less star in the cinema firmament

A Hollywood Short Short Story

By JACK GRANT

"OPPORTUNITY knocks only once," said the young man. "Isn't that what they used to say in your day, granddad?"

"Yep," answered the old vaudevillian. "Yep, that's what they said. But you know, son," and the old fellow's voice grew very confidential, "I can't say I ever really believed it."

"Why not?" asked the youngster, settling himself comfortably in anticipation of one of the old vaudevillian's stories.



"Just because I've been in show business all my life," was the proud reply. "And in show business, opportunity keeps on knocking until somebody lets it in."

"One case I recollect in particular. It was only a few years ago when the boy was just about your age. A fine, strapping young fellow he was, too, ambitious and constantly on the look-out to better himself."

"The first time I saw him, he was playing straight man in an act with a comic and a girl. You know what a straight man is—he says all the lines that give the comic a chance to be funny."

"In this act, he was supposed to be a rich lad and he made his entrance in a cafe scene right after the comic, who had taken the girl to dinner, had confided he didn't have enough money to pay the check. The girl hadn't any money either. Then in came the rich fellow and right away spied a twenty-dollar bill lying on the floor. It was a big laugh—this situation of the man who didn't need the money finding it."

"Well, one night, all of us were tipped off that a big Broadway producer was in the audience, scouting the show in search of new talent for a revue he was putting on. Opportunity was knocking and even oldest troupers had difficulty concealing their hopes. Most excited of all was this young straight man. He had a good singing voice and musical comedy on Broadway was the height of his ambition."

"I could see him standing in the wings as my act was finishing. He could hardly wait to get on stage to do his stuff, although it was fifteen minutes at least before his entrance. Finally his cue came and on he went—only to trip on the doorsill and fall full length on the stage right on top of the twenty-dollar bill!"

"Now, if our young actor had been of the belief, as you are, that opportunity knocks only once, he would have quit the theatre then and there. But even the ignominy of falling before the first Broadway producer to catch his act failed to stop him. When next I heard of him, he was singing one of the leading rôles in a

tabloid musical comedy touring the sticks.

"The opening number of this show—I've forgotten its name—had him dressed as an Indian. He sang a verse and two choruses of the song, then disappeared into a tepee while the Indian maidens did a dance. In the tent, he made a quick change to evening clothes for the next scene."

"The change was a tough one, but my friend got so he could make it with time to spare. While he was waiting in the tent, he kidded the chorus girls, whispering remarks to them as they did their dance with the intention of breaking them up—which in show business means making them laugh."

"But the night they picked to play a joke in return wasn't so funny to the leading man. For the second time, opportunity was knocking for him. A musical comedy scout was in the audience that night and he knew it."

"As a consequence, he took especial pains in making his change in the tepee. He wanted to look his best in his evening clothes for the next scene."

"The lights went out on the Indian scene and he started to run out of the tent to be in center stage before the back drop descended and the lights went up again for his solo. But the tent flaps wouldn't open. The chorus girls, as they danced by, had pinned the tepee tightly shut with safety pins!"

"While the orchestra vamped patiently, the leading man fought frantically to get free. Finally he managed to upset the tent and crawl out, a very much rumpled and soiled young soloist. He was out of breath and sang badly. So again opportunity passed him by."

The old vaudevillian paused for effect.

"Opportunity wasn't through with my friend, however. He got to Broadway after all and scored quite a hit in musical comedies. Then, one summer, he came to Hollywood on a vacation. While in Hollywood, Paramount studios invited him to make a test."

"He had never been on a studio stage before and what do you think the poor fellow did? He got tangled up in those pesky electric cables and fell down right in front of the cameras."

"So even a third opportunity did him no good," ventured the young man.

"Who said it didn't," growled the old vaudevillian. "The Paramount folks were doubly interested in his test because he didn't allow the accident to upset his playing of the scene."

"They gave him a contract and today Cary Grant is rated with the best young men on the screen. So don't try to tell him or me that opportunity knocks only once."



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